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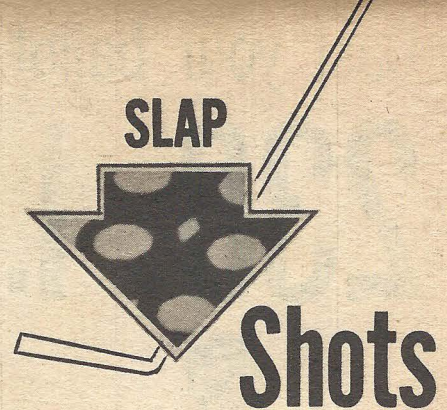
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HOCKEY
1964
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DAVE KEON, our cover man this issue, is regarded as the most indispensable of the "untouchables" on the Toronto Maple Leafs; the others being Frank Mahovlich and Carl Brewer. Keon's value lies in his defensive as well as offensive ability, not to mention his aversion for penalties. The wispy center collected a grand total of two minor penalties in the past two seasons and, naturally, won the Lady Byng (good conduct) Trophy each year.

Since Keon epitomizes the "good guy" in hockey, we wondered what some of his "bad guy" opponents thought about slowing him down. The question was put to Pierre Pilote, captain and one of the leading ruffians on the Chicago Black Hawks, and Pilote's accomplice, Stan Mikita.

"That fella," said Mikita, "keeps his nose clean, so you leave him alone."

Pilote complained that it's just such a philosophy that has allowed Keon to roam the ice with impunity. "We've been letting him off without hitting him," said Pilote. "Sure, he's fast and tough to nail, but we ought to try hitting him more. That might slow the bugger down."

"But first," added Pilote, "we gotta catch him."

AUTHOR MEETS CRITIC

New York Ranger right wing Andy Bathgate recently won rave reviews for his autobiographical instruction book, "Andy Bathgate's Hockey Secrets." The book's success prompted a query—what will Andy do for an encore? The answer came from New York hockey writer, Dave Anderson.

"Call the sequel," suggested Anderson, " 'Andy Bathgate's Hockey Mistakes.' "

HANDBALL AND GADSBY

In June 1961, the New York Rangers traded defenseman Bill Gadsby to the Detroit Red Wings for Les Hunt. Gadsby is in his third full season with the Red Wings. He played a full 70 games in each of the previous two campaigns. Hunt played both seasons in Vancouver and may never see the NHL.

"Maybe," reflects Gadsby "the Rangers thought I was washed up. I'm 36 (Hunt is 26) but I'm in the best shape of my

continued on page 6



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life. A couple of years ago I discovered handball. In Edmonton, where I live in the off-season, they have a game of four-wall handball every day at noon.

"I never miss a day of it all summer. If that won't keep me young, nothing will."

BROSNAN'S WILD PITCH

We wonder whether author-pitcher Jim Brosnan will dare a visit to the Chicago Black Hawks' dressing room this season. Brosnan authored a controversial story for Maclean's Magazine of Canada last year called "The Hairy Hawks of Chicago." It was a frank piece of writing that enraged several of the players as well as the Hawk brass. In one tableau Brosnan pictured a Chicago player sitting in a bar, recovering from a hangover. He quoted then coach Rudy Pilous beefing about ice conditions at Chicago Stadium.

One Hawk official labelled the story "full of lies and distortions." A player said it was "a stab in the back." Eric Nesterenko, one of the more philosophical stickhandlers put it this way: "There's a sort of fraternity among pro athletes. We accepted Brosnan on that basis and let him get a lot closer to us than we would anyone else — such as a sports-writer. I thought he sensationalized what he saw and took advantage of us."

Apart from the Black Hawks themselves, most people enjoyed what they read about the very human quality of the players. "We all had guessed they were human," wrote Scott Young of the "Toronto Globe And Mail." "Brosnan verified this in his own way."

"I'm afraid the lesson is one applicable not only to hockey: That few people are prepared for realism, or for any art form that projects realism, when they themselves are the subjects."

So, just stay out of the Hawk dressing room, Jim. After all, they're only human. They're liable to belt you.

TED GREEN WRITES

It all started last year after Boston Bruin defenseman Ted Green had fights alternately with Larry Cahan, Andy Bathgate and Cahan again of the New York Rangers. In one of our stories, we described Green as a "raggamuffin." It was meant to be humorous, but Ted was not amused.

A post card followed: "I'm not a raggamuffin. Besides, I wear better suits than Bathgate."

Last December, we were on the air with Bruin broadcaster Bill Harrington. The subject — Ted Green. We described him as an improved player and suggested he had the kind of mean streak that might prove beneficial to some Ranger defensemen. Two days later, another card from Green. He said:

"When you wrote about me last year you called me a 'raggamuffin.' I didn't like it. My wife heard you on the radio

the other night and tells me you said I was mean. Well, I'm still wearing good clothes and I'm still in the game more in road games than Cahan will ever be. Thanks for the publicity."

HALL ON ROLLINS

Glenn Hall, the Chicago Black Hawks' goaltender and holder of the Vezina Trophy, tells a story about Al Rollins, his predecessor in the Chicago nets. Himself a Vezina Trophy winner, Rollins had played for the Toronto Maple Leafs during the reign of Conn Smythe, a man known for his critiques.

"He couldn't make up his mind what style of play he wanted from Al," Hall was saying. When Rollins would go down to block a shot, he'd be reprimanded for not standing up. The next night he'd play stand-up goal and he'd be blasted for not going down.

"You know something," Rollins finally exploded in exasperation, "if I ever get on the right track I'll be the greatest goaltender in the world."

BOUCHER WANTS BAN

The slap shot has been roundly criticized by thinking hockey people ever since it became a fad during the past decade. There's been a lot of anti-slap shot talk but nobody has done anything about it, at least not until this year.

Now, Frank Boucher, commissioner of the Saskatchewan Junior Hockey League, has recommended that the slap shot be ruled illegal in his league. Boucher, former general manager of the New York Rangers, contends that slap-shooting stunts a young hockey player's growth. The boy forgets about stickhandling and other important facets of the game, especially the wrist shot.

It's too soon to tell whether other junior leagues will endorse Boucher's suggestion but there is a growing awareness of the slap shot sickness. "A lot of kids in minor hockey can't shoot," said Bill Robinson, commissioner of the Manitoba Junior Hockey League. "They think they can but they can't."

"The measuring stick for their shots is the sound of the puck hitting the boards. It's a false evaluation. They resort to the slap shot to cover up the fact they have no wrist shot."

And then there's Bobby Hull.

MESSAGE FOR PUNCH

Television comic Johnny Wayne of the Wayne and Shuster team is a confirmed Toronto Maple Leaf rooster and pal of Leaf general manager-coach Punch Imlach. He's also a part-time practical joker.

Not long ago, Wayne dispatched a telegram to Imlach but instead of signing his own name, he substituted the names of the Maple Leaf Gardens' directors. The message read:

"We're with you all the way, Punch, win or tie!"

STAN FISCHLER

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A Few Examples of What I Mean

Now here's a report from Earl Reid, of Thompson, Ohio: "In one month I took in approximately \$648 of which \$510 was clear. I work only part time." And, to take a big jump out to California, here's one from

J. G. Stinson, of Long Beach: "I have opened up a small repair shop. At present I am operating the shop on a spare time basis — but the way business is growing it will be a very short time before I will devote my full time to it."

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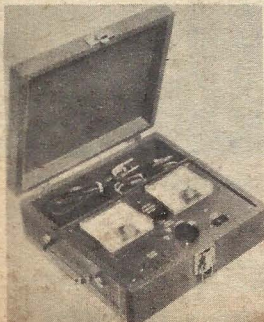
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The HecTic Lives Of HOcK[E]y wIves

by Linda Oppen

WHAT'S it like to be a hockey wife?

It's tension and loneliness. Frustration and supreme joy. Sometimes pride, often a smidgen of anger. There's the chronic fear of injury to their husbands and the perpetual hope for success.

This is what it's like for most hockey wives, like Mrs. Harry Howell, Mrs. Andy Bathgate, Mrs. Earl Ingarfield and Mrs. Larry Cahan, whose husbands play for the New York Rangers.

The tension is, perhaps, keenest for Mrs. Bathgate, whose husband has been the target of more hard checks, stick spears and other forms of mayhem than most players receive. Once, Andy was hit in the eye with an opponent's stick. When that happened, Merle cringed and prayed until Andy recovered. "I just keep my fingers crossed now," says Mrs. Bathgate. "There's not much else I can do."

For Merle, it's usually a pleasure to attend a Madison Square Garden game. The fans love Andy and cheer his every move. But to Grace Ingarfield, a visit to the Garden can be a traumatic experience. Her husband is not a super-star like Bathgate and often has been booed. "When they boo Earl," she explains, "it makes me mad. After all, he *is* doing his best."

Others take it more philosophically. "I'm used to them booing my husband," says Grace Cahan, "they do it all the time."

PSYCHOLOGICAL APPROACH

A hockey player's wife has to be an amateur psychologist. She must understand her husband's feelings about the game—the pre and post-game tensions.

"After a game," explains Mrs. Howell, "the men are too tense to sleep, so the gang of us go out on the town, win or lose. After that, we come home. Our daughter, Cheryl, always cheers us. She's all aglow if we tell her the Rangers won. And she can't wait to get to school the next day."

According to Marilyn Howell, the glamor of the hockey rink is left outside the door of her apartment in Glen Oaks, a residential section of Queens, when Harry comes home. "Being married to a hockey star is no different than being married to anyone else. Of course, I've never been married before."

Wives, like players, have personalities that vary like night and day. Marilyn Howell is an outgoing type who will talk on any subject for hours. Grace Ingarfield is very much the same. Merle Bathgate is more reserved but when she has something to say, she can be eloquent. Grace Cahan is more introverted.

But they all agree that hockey wives have problems most housewives don't en-

For Ranger Wives, The Cost Of Living Is High... But There Is No Champagne

counter. Especially, the twice a year moving across the continent from various parts of their native Canada to New York City in early fall. The Bathgates and Howells live in Glen Oaks, about three-quarters of an hour from the Garden by subway. The Cahans and Ingarfields live in Long Beach, a seaside resort, about an hour from the rink.

It's been a chronic beef of the married Rangers that the high cost of living and the long distances they must travel to the Garden make living in New York burdensome. But the more sophisticated types say New York's theaters and other attractions compensate for these problems.

MORE THAN ONE HOME

Around Easter, the Howells, wed for 11 years, return "home" to Hamilton, Ontario, where both were born, bred and

betrothed.

The Bathgates, married for eight years, usually spend their summers in Vancouver but last year spent the summer in Toronto with their children Sandra, two years, and Billy, two months. Andy served as assistant golf pro there at Northwood Country Club and plans to do the same this year.

Lethbridge, Alberta, is the summer home for the Ingarfields, wed for six years. Earl works for the Liquor Control Board there. The Cahans, married five years and originally from Toronto, now spend the summer in Vancouver.

Mrs. Howell, attractive mother of Cheryl, nine, and Danny, five, likes returning to Glen Oaks so that Cheryl can go to the same school each year. Cheryl attends school in Hamilton in September and after Easter and in Queens during the interim.

The migrant existence has had no ill effects on her, according to her mother. Mrs. Howell said that one of her teachers has reported that Cheryl is "well-adjusted."

Grace Ingarfield hasn't had to worry about the school problem because her children, Earl, Jr. and Rae Ann, are only five and three years, respectively.

Being married to a Ranger can be especially trying because the New York club

continued on page 75



THE HOWELLS (center) and the Bathgates.

ANGER, JOY, FEAR AND HOPE ARE EVERYDAY EMOTIONS FOR THOSE WOMEN
8 WHOSE HUSBANDS GO FORTH IN THE ROUGH, RUGGED WORLD OF PRO HOCKEY

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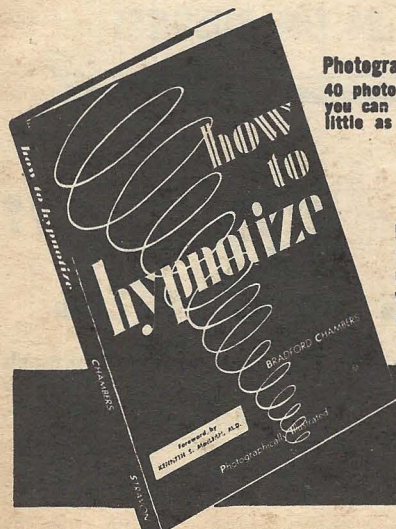
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by Glenn Hall

Chicago Black Hawks



THE TENSIONS AND TERRORS OF BIG LEAGUE GOALTENDING ARE CANDIDLY REVEALED HERE BY ONE OF THE BEST GOALIES IN THE BUSINESS

"EVERY GAME IS HELL TO ME"

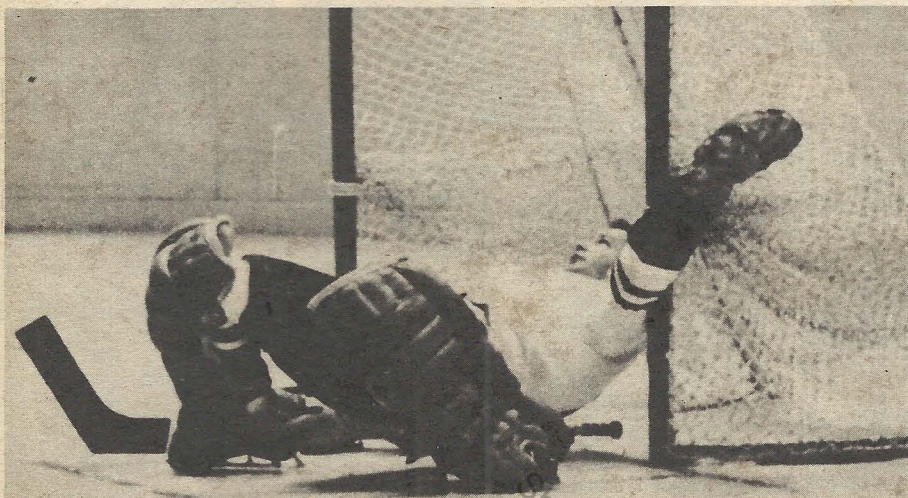
I LIKE May, June, July and August very much. That's when I don't have to face 100 miles per-hour slap shots; when I don't have to worry about getting hit in the face with a stick, or wonder whether my stomach will leap out of my body and onto the next street. I really like summer.

It's the months from September through April that give me trouble. Playing goal for the Chicago Black Hawks, as I do, is one of the finest honors a man can have. As an athlete, I'm rather proud of myself. Last season I won the Vezina Trophy as the goaltender on the team with the best goals-against average and I'm playing



IN HOCKEY, one man's joy is another's sorrow. Here, Montreal players whoop it up after drilling goal past Hall.

HALL'S EFFECTIVENESS IN THE NETS IS DUE LARGELY TO THE "V" FORMATION



GLENN'S agility in the goal is demonstrated above, but often pucks can be neither stopped nor dodged. Vic Stasiuk, moving in on Leafs' Johnny Bower below, once hit Hall in face with shot.



STILL, Glenn went 522 games before being sidelined. Dennis DeJordy (see insert) filled in.



in my ninth full season of big league hockey. But, brother, I'll tell you plain and straight, there are easier ways of making a living.

I won't bore you with chapter and verse except one: I call this chapter "Why I Don't Like Vic Stasiuk." Off the ice, Vic's a great guy. He's now coaching Pittsburgh in the American League but I'll never forget the time he was with Boston a few years ago.

He fired a shot at me that I'm still looking for. In fact, I still suspect that he threw a lead weight at me instead of a rubber puck. That six-ounce hunk of hard rubber hit me in the mouth so hard I fell over like a scarecrow falling off its stand. Later, a friend of mine said I looked dead. Well, that time I felt like it.

The doctor embroidered me with 23 stitches that night. It took about half an hour to sew me up. Then, I got back on the ice and finished the game. I'm still amazed that my lips stayed on my face through the whole ugly mess.

Mind you, I don't mind being cut for a few stitches. After a while you take that for granted as part of the game. As long as the cuts are away from the eye it's not too bad. In fact, sometimes the cuts make you feel better. At least half the players I know play better after they're cut. It feels so good as it heals up. But the blasts around the eyes are trouble.

WEAR AND TEAR

That's the way it is when you're an NHL goalkeeper, only I find it gets worse each year. I say worse because the wear and tear chips away at your nervous system like a sculptor's chisel on a statue. I ought to know, I played through 552 consecutive games — over seven seasons — before I finally had to take a break last year.

A crazy thing happened. I got a pinched nerve in my back and had to miss four games. At first I may have been a bit upset about ending my streak, but then I realized how wonderful it was to get a respite from the game's tensions; tensions that have increased because of so many games and the fact that I'm 32 years old. These are the tensions of the fastest game on earth.

It's hard to believe, but when I turned pro in 1950 I thought hockey was fast. Now, looking back, I have to think it was played at a snail's pace compared to today's game. Look at our own Bobby Hull. His slap shot must fly at more than 120 miles per-hour when he really wings it. And his speed! With a good head of steam, Bobby and some of the other guys must hit about 30 miles-per-hour.

At least the forwards and defensemen get a break from the frenzy of the game. I'm on the ice all the time—60 minutes of the madness. That's why I react the way I do. Before every game, and sometimes between periods, I get sick to my stomach; I have to throw up. Sometimes



GOALIE'S life is a lonely one, even when it's time out. Here, Glenn perches on top of cage after fans halted play by showering ice with debris.

it even happens during a game.

When that happens, I fight it off until the whistle blows. Then I head for the dressing room. I've tried drinking tea between periods. That seems to help. But I don't worry about it, because nervousness is part of this game and, in its way, it helps you keep sharp.

Goaltending is a strain. You're tired and fed up with the game at the end of the season. The feeling lasts until about the first week in July. Then you just can't wait to get back. Around that time

I play table tennis to sharpen my reflexes and, of course, I work around the house. I live in a suburb of Edmonton, Alberta, with my wife Pauline and our children; Patrick, eight; Leslie—she's a girl—five; and Tammy, also a girl, who is two.

MIND OVER MATTER

I've had times when people asked me how I do it; how I managed not to quit just out of tiredness. My answer is that weariness is all in the mind. If I don't think I'm tired, then I'm not tired. It's all in the mind.

There have been times when I've been quite disgusted about the whole business. The year I got the 23-stitch cut, I played for Detroit and we lost the playoff series to Boston. Boston was the underdog but they took us four games to one. Jack Adams, who was our general manager, blamed me for the loss. All I can do is thank him for that, because he put me in a real high class. The year before he blamed Gordie Howe for our losses.

Adams traded me to Chicago which was probably the greatest thing he ever did for

me. In Chicago I found that I really was a goaltender. I didn't have the defense I had in Detroit, but I soon discovered that I could play just as well with a weak team as with a strong one.

We finished fifth that first year in Chicago, but I was named to the NHL All-Star team. That provided me with a good hunk of confidence, and, from then on, my career went strictly up. In April, 1961 the Black Hawks won the Stanley Cup, and, I must say, I was very enthused about that. Now there's one more goal to conquer. We still haven't finished first.

We came pretty close last year, but I'm not going to jinx us this year with any predictions. Still you can bet the Black Hawks are a different bunch of hockey players than we were before. And, if we don't bring home that pennant it won't be because we skated at half speed.

One reason why I feel more confident about our chances is that we've got a terrific young goalie on hand to spell me. That's Dennis DeJordy. I used to think it wasn't a good idea to have two goalies on one team at the same time. It struck me then that it would give the regular goalie the jitters thinking that somebody was going to take his job away.

IT TAKES TWO

But if the two goalies are mature, understand each other and are friends, the way Dennis and I are, the system is much better. Dennis is younger than I am by some seven years, and I realize that someday he'll be taking my place. I realize that with the game being as wild as it is now, it's the best thing in the world for me to have a competent replacement around in case I get hurt.

Last season I wouldn't have been able to win the Vezina Trophy if it wasn't for the terrific job Dennis came up with while I was sidelined. His average and mine had to be combined in rating the various averages for the Trophy. Dennis had an average of 2.40, mine was 2.51; our combined average was 2.54 which was just enough to beat out Johnny Bower and Don Simmons of Toronto who had a combined 2.57 average.

So, you see, if Dennis' average was much higher, I'd have lost out to the Toronto team and also out of the \$2,000 that goes to the Vezina Trophy winner.

Winning the trophy was as big a kick as I've ever got out of this game. It's the kind of thing I dreamed about when I was a kid growing up in Humboldt, Saskatchewan in Canada's wheat country. At first I was center and captain of our elementary school team. But one day our goalie quit. I picked someone to replace him but the replacement turned me down. So did the next 10 guys. As captain, I had no choice. I put on the pads, and, after a few years, I got to like goaltending.

There are good things to say for the job. I mean, when you play goal, you're really in the game. You have a challenge



A GLOVE and a stick often are not enough to stop hard shots. Here, Glenn uses his chest.



DEJORDY scrambles for position, showing alertness which helped Hall nail down Vezina Trophy.

more than you have at other positions. It's stimulating and rewarding, but it can tear you apart.

TARGET PRACTICE

Take the practices as an example—and I wish you would take them. Practices are nothing more than shooting galleries for the gang and I'm the target. When I was younger, I used to bear down in practices, but not any more. You watch me before a game starts when we have that 15-minute workout.

I come out with the rest of the team but instead of getting right into the net, I circle around and around and around and around for a good five minutes. Then, very slowly, I move closer to the nets and, finally, I move in. That should give you an idea about how I feel about practices. The fewer times I have to face those pucks, the better I feel.

The tension is reflected in my face. I'm

not the world's best smiler and I'm not the happiest guy after a loss. Come to think of it, I'm not even the happiest guy after a win. I remember once when a photographer tried to take pictures of me before a game. "I'm a hockey player," I told him, "not an actor."

Of course, I never have photos taken of me before a game, because I'm afraid that the flash bulbs will affect my vision during the actual game. That's something I can't afford to let happen. Another thing I can't afford to let happen is my getting overweight. Goaltending requires a tremendous amount of agility; especially the way I play.

Without trying to sound vain I'd say my style of goaltending is unique in the business. When I go down to make a save my legs fan out in a wide "V" formation and reach out almost to the goalposts. My padded legs protect against shots



HIGH SHOTS can't be neglected and Glenn leaps to stop one here against the Maple Leafs.



QUICK HANDS enable Glenn to stop point-blank shots.



BIGGEST problem for goaltenders, according to Hall, is stopping high shots after having been forced low. Here, he springs up to bat one away.

skimming along the ice while my left hand is ready to catch rising shots. My stick hand is used to deflect them.

By digging the toes of my skates into the ice I'm able to quickly bounce out of the "V" and return to the normal standing position to stop high shots. I use the "V" on semi-screened shots more than anything. Since I can't see the puck clearly I drop to the ice. I figure I can cover more of the net that way.

NOT FOOLPROOF

Naturally no system of goaltending is foolproof. My problem is contending with the shots they throw high at me when I go down. Best I can hope to do is either spring up, or grab them with my gloves and stick.

That's only one problem. Another one is finding the puck when a half dozen players skate in front of me and "screen" my vision. When I was a rookie, and a

few years after, I used to have some other troubles with opponents skating around my goal crease. Sometimes they'd spear me or run across the net to try to take me out of the play. It was done plenty of times and rarely called by the referee. But don't think I was "Mr. Nice Guy" when that happened.

I'd give it back to them. I had the great equalizer—my big goalie's stick. A two-hand wallop on the ankles hurts enough so they don't come back so fast. Mind you, I didn't go after them on the same play they got me. I'd wait for the openings. I used to call it the "self-preservation play." Nowadays they don't bother me anymore.

By now you must have the idea I don't have the cushiest job in the world, although the pay is good. Sometimes, when the pressure is especially heavy, goaltending really is rough and every game is hell to me. When that happens I'm not

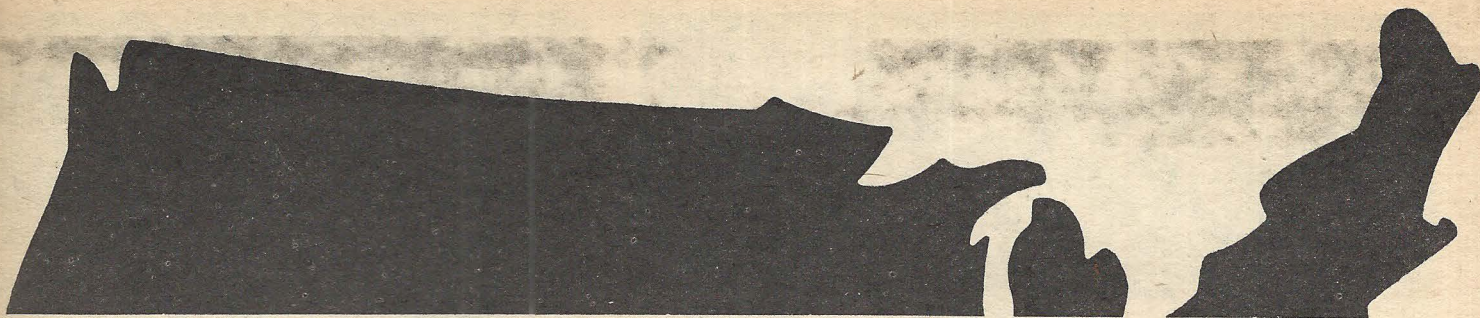
especially friendly on or off ice.

Besides, I'm a difficult guy to get to know. When I get to know somebody it's okay. But I don't like to force myself to be a nice guy when I don't have to be one. If I want to say "blast you" I don't want to have to shut up. In others words, when I'm ugly, I'm really ugly.

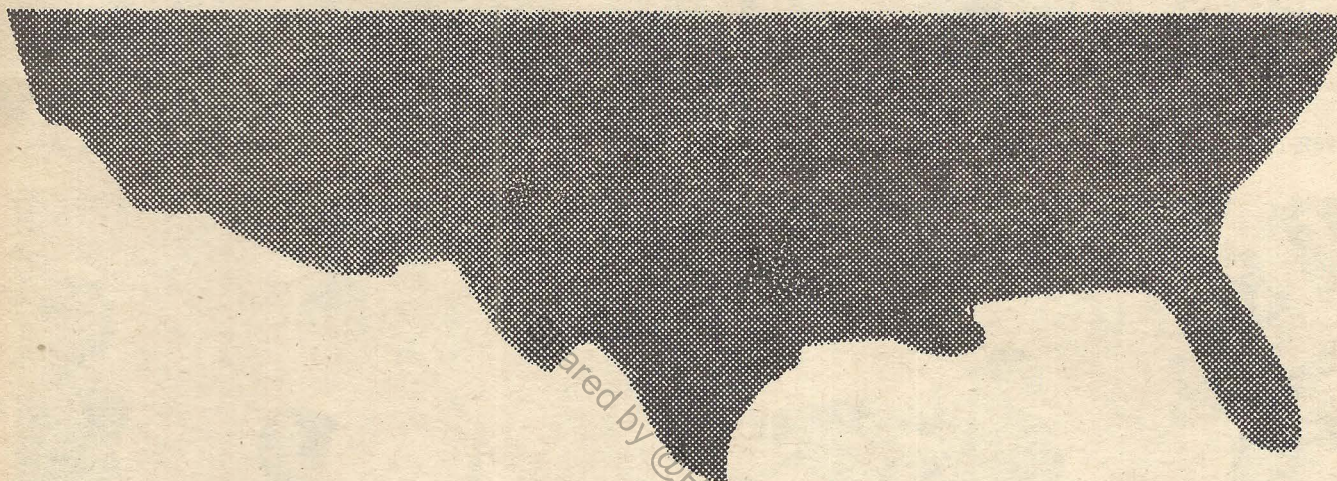
I don't really like it that way, just like I don't like to be gruff the way I was with the photographer. But I'm something of a cynic. You go good and everybody wants your picture. But you go bad and you can't give 'em away. I don't worry about it. I know whether I played well or not.

So why should I care what the papers say as long as my bosses pay me? When I'm an old man I'll look at the papers—in my scrapbook.

I just hope the scrapbook says: "Chicago Black Hawks Finish First in 1964."



THE BIGGEST HANDICAP IN HOCKEY IS TO BE AN AMERICAN, BUT



Williams Beat The Rap

by Marv Albert

HERE, IN AN EXCLUSIVE TAPE-RECORDED INTERVIEW, BOSTON'S NEWEST STAR DISCUSSES THE DIFFICULTIES OF BREAKING INTO AN ALL-CANADIAN GAME

THE ODDS were 1,000 to 1 against Tom Williams making the grade with the Boston Bruins in the National Hockey League, even though he was a very good right wing and a talented skater and shooter. He had one big rap

against him. He was an American. In hockey, it can be a big rap. But Williams beat it.

"I don't think NHL owners want Americans in the game," one of the top scorers in the league told me. "They want to keep

it all-Canadian, if they can. They're afraid that once the kids here in the United States start going at it—they'll eventually take over."

That's the kind of thinking Tom Williams, the only American born and bred

DESPITE ODDS, Tom Williams has made it "big" in hockey circles.



A Rough Beginning Included A Concussion One Week, A Separated Shoulder The Next

player, in the NHL, had to face. He was born in Duluth, Minnesota and had his heart set on a big league hockey career from the start. Except, he never thought he'd make it. Most American boys don't.

They don't make it for a lot of reasons, some rational, other the product of plain and simple anti-American prejudice. They'll chuck a guy like Williams before giving him a chance. Then, there's the training angle. American kids get neither enough ice nor stiff enough competition.

On top of that there are social pressures. As a rule, American parents don't want their kids to be hockey players. But even if the kids buck their parents, the youngsters still have to put in two years with the Army in the prime of their life. After that, there's always the obstacle of being an American in a Canadian game, playing against all Canadian players. It can be rough; sometimes as rough as it would be for a Negro playing on an all-white football team in the South.

That's why Tom Williams of the Boston Bruins is unique. Last season, his first full year in the NHL, he scored 23 goals. That's like hitting over .300 in baseball.

What's it like to be the only American in the all-Canadian NHL? And why, as a hockey player, was Tom Williams unlucky to be a Yankee? This is precisely what I wanted to find out. I conducted a tape recorded interview with Tom in his room at the Hotel Manhattan when the Bruins were in New York last month to play the Rangers:

ALBERT: *What are the main drawbacks for an American who has aspirations to play professional hockey?*

WILLIAMS: Lack of available ice, lack of competition, discouragement by almost everyone....

ALBERT: *What about the different standards here in the United States as compared to those in Canada?*

WILLIAMS: Yes, here in the United States the kids are more spoiled. Also, their parents have laid out advance plans for them to become educated. There's college—and then further plans to be a doctor or a lawyer.

ALBERT: *Can hockey actually fit into such a scheme?*

WILLIAMS: It's pretty hopeless. Parents just don't want their children to become professional hockey players. They'd rather see them go to school... especially, since there are so many Canadians. They say what kind of chance do you have?

...why do something that is so hard to accomplish when you can go to school and become something—with a lot less personal or physical injury involved.

ALBERT: *How about the Army factor when professional hockey team management considers American prospects?*

WILLIAMS: This is a definite detriment. Nobody wants to groom a guy and then see him go into the service for two years. For, once you're in the service and lose two years, that's just about the end of the line. It's tough to come back.

ALBERT: *Have you ever felt out of place with a pro hockey team?*

WILLIAMS: Yes, frankly, I have. It's like anything else. When I was with the United States Olympic team, I was with other Americans—and I felt in place. But, in the minors, I was with a bunch of strangers who had little in common with me. It was like going away to school in another country where you didn't know the language or customs.

ALBERT: *Did any of your teammates go out of their way to talk to you?*

WILLIAMS: Many of the guys were nice—others couldn't care less. Today, of course, things are different. I've more or less proved myself. But in the past, the thing that was most annoying was the guys who would continually speak French. That's when I really felt out of it. I would sit in the locker room—and they would be talking back and forth—and I felt way out of it. They would laugh and sometimes I'd think that they might be

referring to me. It was uncomfortable.

ALBERT: *How have the fans in the various NHL cities treated you?*

WILLIAMS: Not bad—although I have heard a couple of 'go home Yankee' cries. New York gave me a hard time last year on a couple of occasions. A few loudmouths in the balcony—who like to voice their opinions, you might say. These people generally don't even know what, or who they're yelling at... A guy up in the second tier here at the Garden was yelling that I was afraid—that I was scared. You laugh it off... but I'd like to see him get a little closer sometime.

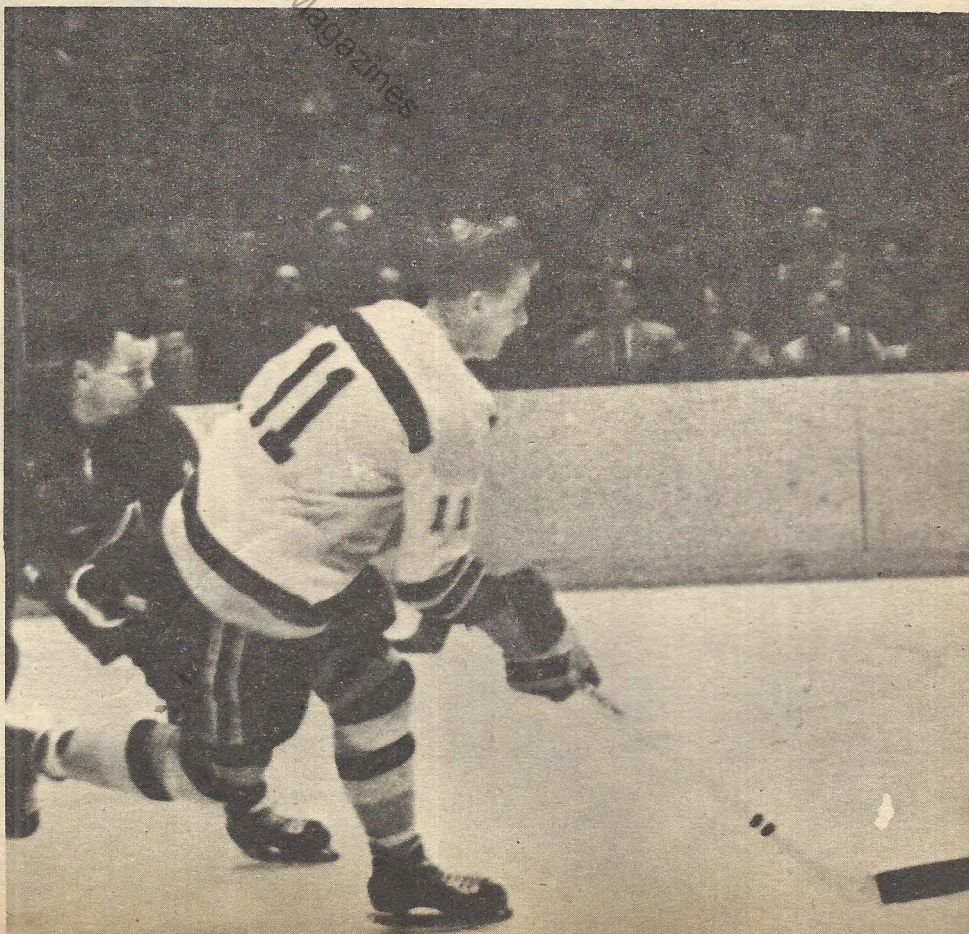
ALBERT: *When you were struggling to make the National Hockey League, did you ever take it upon yourself to carry the American cause? Did you feel like a crusader?*

WILLIAMS: I did want to make this league to prove a point... to prove that even though I am American, I had the stuff to make it. But most important, I have a family—which was my biggest worry. You know, you want to make things good for your family.

ALBERT: *When you first played in the NHL, did opposing players ride you at all?*

WILLIAMS: When I first came up, a few of the guys from other clubs kind of gave me a hard time. They told me that I would be sent back to the minors—and they would yell that I could be knocked around.

ALBERT: *Who, in the NHL, has given*



you the most trouble?

WILLIAMS: Louie Fontinato of Montreal. He went after me a couple of times last year—and we had a few scuffles.

ALBERT: When Phil Watson was coaching the Bruins, did he ever try to steam you up before a game?

WILLIAMS: Yes, Watson would get on numerous players—and point out mistakes in front of the rest of the team. He did it to me a couple of times. This hurt—but I took it. He wanted me to become more aggressive.

ALBERT: What about the injury situation? Does this scare off some of the United States youngsters?

WILLIAMS: Yes, I imagine some of the American hockey players shy away from the sport because they don't want to get hurt. The game can get pretty rough. Hockey is not like any other American sport from the physical standpoint. As you know, a guy can get whacked by a stick and take 10 stitches. And, he's expected to get right back into action. Americans just aren't used to this type of situation.

ALBERT: Are Canadian kids rougher than American kids?

WILLIAMS: I think they're rougher because they've adjusted to the game. I think if the United States had the competition, they would adjust the same way.

ALBERT: Talking about rough players, there are a number of guys around the league who are deliberately rough—so-called badmen. When you first came up, what was your impression of them?

WILLIAMS: At first, it shook me. I had never had to contend with this type of game. But, I had to adjust, and I did.

ALBERT: You have a pretty tough guy on your club in defenseman Ted Green. Does he give you any tips on how to be mean and rough?

WILLIAMS: Not really—but I can go along with his being rough—from personal experience. Ted and I roomed together at Kingston. Even back at the apartment he was always loose. Why, he'd go around punching his hand, the wall, or whatever else he could get hold of. Well, one day I opened the door to enter a room—and I got slugged right in the face. He was just keeping loose.

ALBERT: Johnny Mariucci, an American who played in the NHL, contends that high school hockey in Minnesota is every bit as good as Canadian high school hockey. But, he says, these youngsters usually quit after they leave high school, unless, they go on to college. There just aren't any league facilities available. Doesn't this situation annoy you?

WILLIAMS: I don't fully agree with this. High school hockey is making the kids into prima donnas. They're played up as big heroes—as they are in football, basketball, and other sports. It doesn't do them any good—because hockey isn't a hero-type sport. You've got to do an awful lot of hard work...it's not only shooting and scoring. I think that the high school system here in the United States isn't helping the youngsters at all. It

doesn't do the kids any good—and I think they should work out a system of some sort like the Canadians have. Perhaps, they could even bring down a few Canadians to build up the competition.

ALBERT: In other words, you believe that Canadian youngsters should actually be brought in—on a larger scale—to high schools and colleges—in order to bolster the talent.

WILLIAMS: Yes, I believe in this strongly. Especially in high school—if it can be done. For example, Boston isn't far from the Canadian border, and Minnesota, where I'm from, isn't far. And there are other nearby states which are reasonably close to the Canadian border where they can bring down players without having these kids go too far.

ALBERT: Actually, you were on skates at an early age, weren't you?

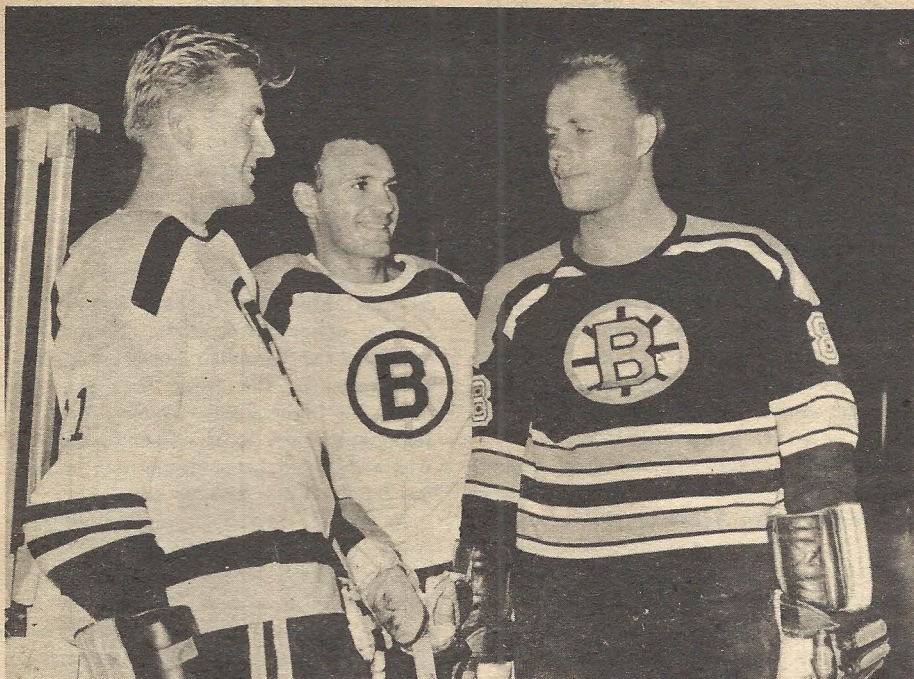
WILLIAMS: Yes, I started skating when I was three years old and I started playing hockey when I was seven. I had a good influence in my father because he was a former hockey player in the old United States League. He was a great help.

ALBERT: When did you first get the idea in your mind that you wanted to play professional hockey?

WILLIAMS: When I was a young boy, I used to have the idea that someday I'd like to play in the National Hockey League—but, I never really thought about it seriously until I went to the Bruins' training camp. I never thought that I was



TOM RIFLES goal past Rangers' Gump Worsley in New York game last year. Tom tallied 23 times in first season.



TWO OTHER Americans, Charlie Burns (center) and Wayne Hicks (right) didn't make Bruins.

good enough.

ALBERT: *I understand that you paid your own expenses in order to tryout with Boston, so as not to lose your amateur status. What were your feelings when you took this trip to the Bruins' camp?*

WILLIAMS: I was just thinking that I was going there with the idea that I would go—and then come back home to college. I had been to a Detroit training camp and it didn't amount to anything. I didn't have any idea of staying with the Bruins—or making any kind of a hit. But then, I did pretty well—and they changed my mind for me.

ALBERT: *Tom, in back of your mind, did you think that the whole thing was a farfetched idea?*

WILLIAMS: Yes, I did in a way. Not too many of my friends took the tryout seriously. They just couldn't see it. It was all on paper. Look, there just weren't any American-bred hockey players in the NHL. They all just kind of thought, well, he's going to go... and he'll be back.

ALBERT: *Then you were signed and you played at Kingston, Ontario. What was your first incident of extreme body contact?*

WILLIAMS: At Kingston, I suffered a concussion one week and the next week I had a separated shoulder. Jean Gauthier gave me the concussion. He caught me looking the other way. When I got back into action the papers played it up pretty good and said it would be my big test to see whether or not I was scared. Well, I was scared stiff, but on my first rush I got around Gauthier; maybe I faked him, and my confidence was restored.

ALBERT: *Don't you get tired of hearing about this lack of aggressiveness—over and over again?*

WILLIAMS: Yes, it kind of gets you after a while because some players are

just born to be aggressive—almost to a crazy point. But others just aren't—especially an American. It's hard to go out and play aggressive hockey when you haven't been brought up to do so.

ALBERT: *Would United States hockey develop at a faster pace if this country would switch to the Canadian rules?*

WILLIAMS: I think that's part of the answer and I also think that maybe they should bring a few Canadian boys down here at the teenage level to provide a little more competition.

ALBERT: *In American high school, college and amateur games, the puck carrier cannot be legally bodychecked in his team's defensive zone. This, of course, is permitted in professional hockey. Did this difference in rules ever directly affect you, when you first turned pro?*

WILLIAMS: Yes it did. Several times in my own defense zone I'd be carrying the puck and somebody would hit me. And they'd hit me pretty hard and I wouldn't be expecting it. This is when you get hurt.

WILLIAMS closes in on loose puck while Jacques Plante, then of Montreal, keeps eye on both.



ALBERT: *There's another pretty well-known American playing hockey these days in the minor leagues. A fellow by the name of Jack McCartan—why hasn't he made it?*

WILLIAMS: I think that maybe they rushed him up too fast. The Rangers brought him up right away and made some money on him. I think if he had spent more time in the minors, he would have made out a lot better.

ALBERT: *How about your own case—were you brought along correctly?*

WILLIAMS: Yes, I appreciate the way the Bruins' management brought me along. Sometimes, I wonder how I would have made out with another club. Boston was not a contender last season, so I got a good shot at making it. It might not have been the same case if I was trying to make a playoff team.

ALBERT: *Do you ever wish you were a Canadian?*

WILLIAMS: No, I'm proud to be a United States citizen... and happy to be fortunate enough to play in the National Hockey League.

* * *

A few minutes later a few of Williams' teammates dropped in. Murray Oliver, Tom's roommate, heard we were talking about Americans making it to the NHL.

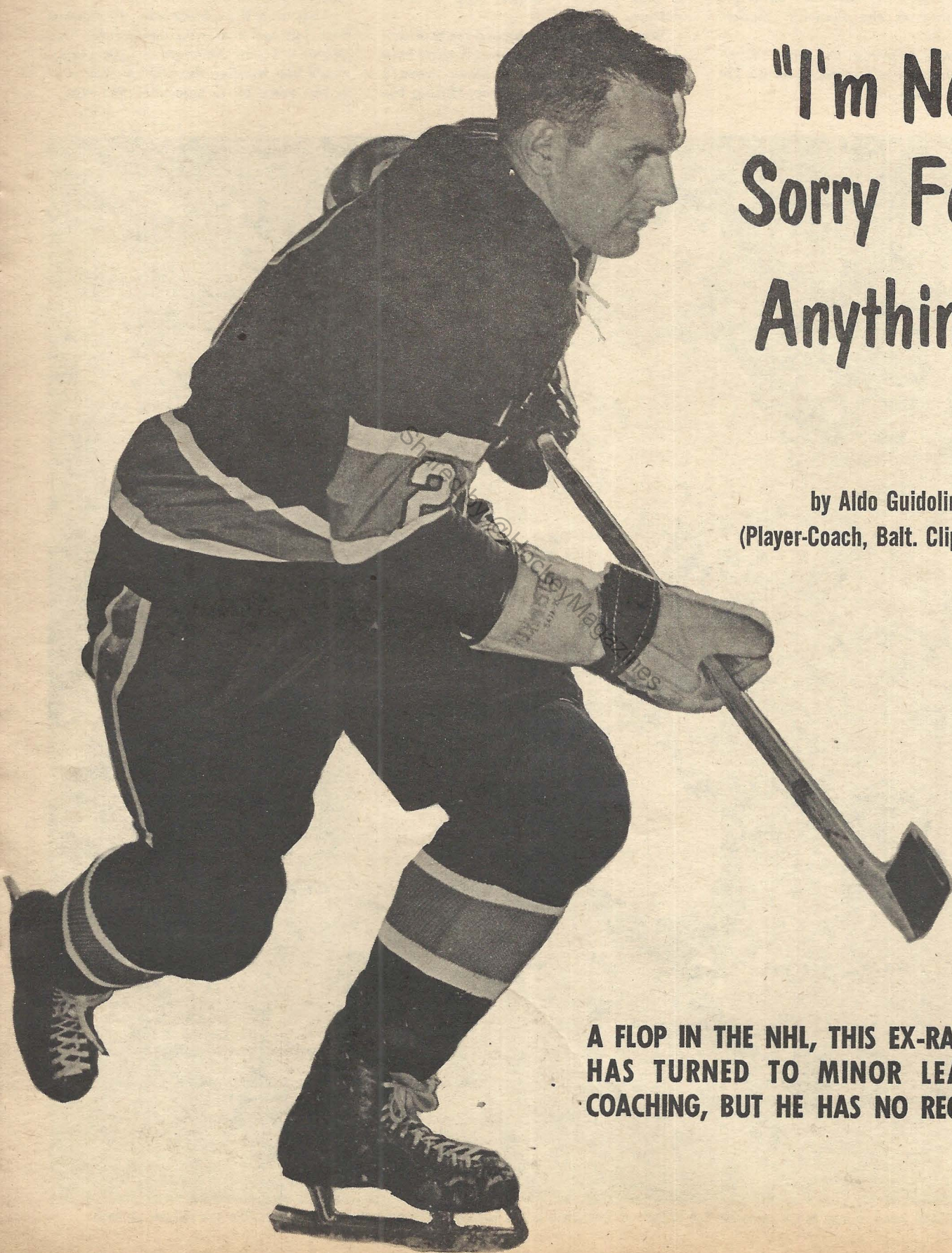
"Why not?" Oliver said. "These kids are just as capable. What's this business about only Canadian kids being able to play? It can happen here too, under the right circumstances."

That night, the circumstances were right. At Madison Square Garden, the Rangers scored early in the game and carefully protected the one goal lead. For a long time, it appeared as if they would win. But before the final buzzer sounded, the Bruins streaked down the ice. There was a scramble in front of the net and, finally, a goal. It didn't beat the Rangers (the game ended in a tie) but it did prove that at least one American has beaten the odds against him in an all-Canadian game. That fact was established by five words over the public address system. They were: "Boston goal by Tom Williams."

They were good words to hear.

"I'm Not Sorry For Anything"

by Aldo Guidolin
(Player-Coach, Balt. Clippers)



**A FLOP IN THE NHL, THIS EX-RANGER
HAS TURNED TO MINOR LEAGUE
COACHING, BUT HE HAS NO REGRETS**

FOR A guy who considers himself one of the luckiest people in the world, I'm surprised every time someone tells me they feel sorry for me. The reason they give me is always the same: "Gee, Aldo," they say, "I'm sorry you never got another shot at the National Hockey League."

My answer is always the same. "Don't you be sorry," I tell them, "because I'm not sorry. Not a bit."

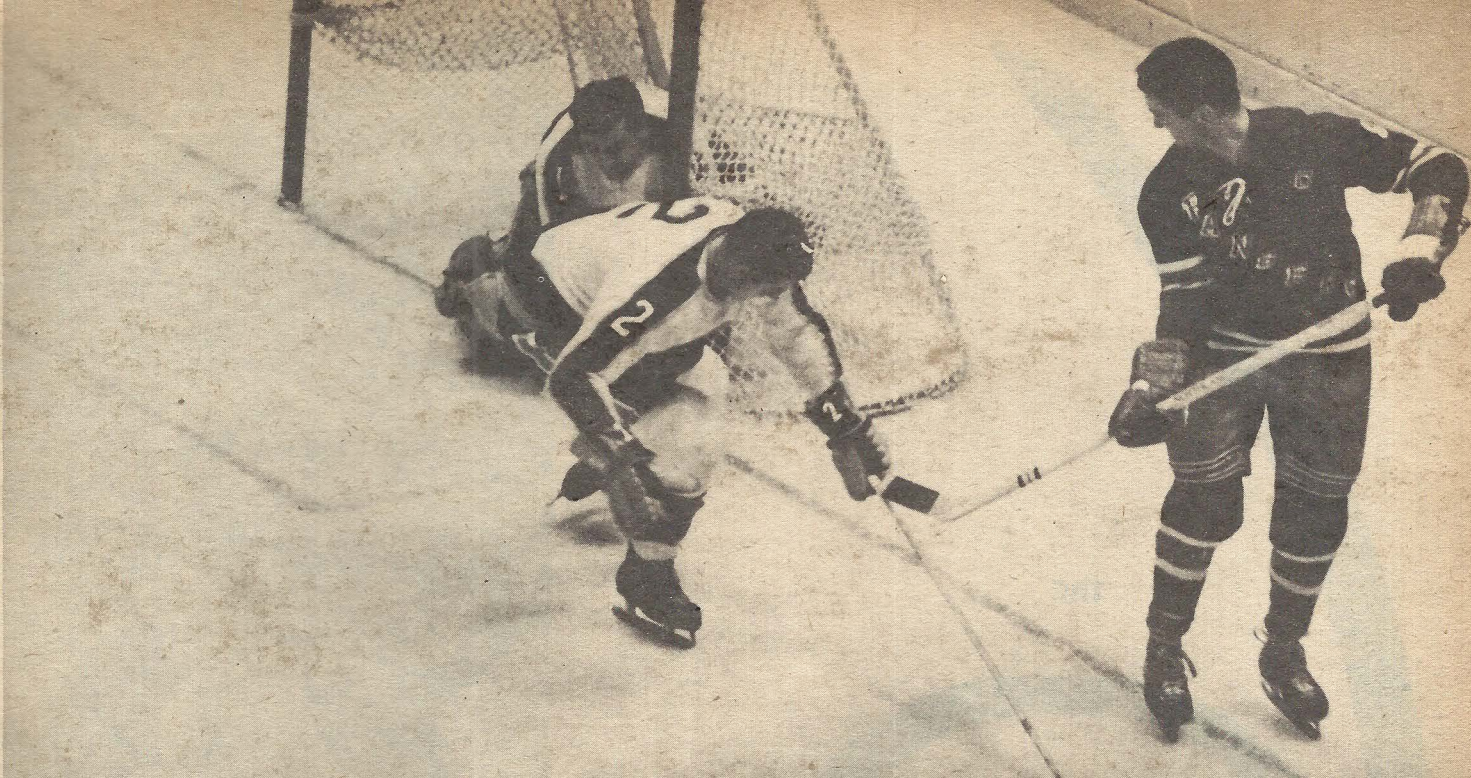
I had four chances in the NHL from 1952-53 to 1955-56. At the time, I was Ranger property; one of those utility players. Sometimes, I played forward, other times I killed penalties and once in a blue moon, I might drop back to defense.

When the Rangers shipped me to Providence for the 1955-56 season, I went back to defense permanently. That's when I really began to enjoy hockey. Hitting has

always been one of my specialties and, now, I was able to really let loose. I wasn't the least bit sorry I went to the American League. Up until then I had never—not in four years—been in a pro hockey playoff.

That year, Providence not only finished first but we also won the Calder Cup playoffs. To an American League player, that's like winning the Stanley Cup. And it was every bit as enjoyable, I'm sure.





HAVING FAILED to make the Rangers, Aldo got big kick out of leading Baltimore Clippers to victory over parent club in pre-season game last year.

Since that first season there were plenty of times when I thought I belonged in the NHL. I was named to the AHL's All-Star first team in 1960-61 and again in 1961-62. Other fellows who have been on the All-Star team, like Bob McCord and Kent Douglas, made it up to the NHL. So, you couldn't fault me for thinking I belonged there, too.

SWEET ADVERSITY

In times like these, I always think of Shakespeare's words from his play "As You Like It." The bard said: "Sweet are the uses of adversity." If I felt bad at any time before, I don't now. Everything has been sweet for me in the American League.

The sweetest bit of all was being picked up by Baltimore last season. We were a brand new franchise, in a brand new arena with the greatest new fans in the world. There is nothing more big league than hockey in Baltimore. The arena is sharper than anything in the NHL. We open our games with each player on both teams announced as he steps on the ice. After that, we have a beautiful figure skater come out, do a few tricks. Then she holds the flag during the national anthem.

Both our home and away games are broadcast. We even have reporters traveling with us on the road, which is more than some NHL teams have. And coverage in the Baltimore papers—and don't forget, Baltimore has big league baseball, football and basketball too—is the equal of any other sport and sometimes better.

As for the fans, well, what more can I say than last season when we clinched a playoff berth in Cleveland on the final night of the season, more than 4,000 fans turned out to greet us at Baltimore's

Friendship Airport when we returned. I saw hardrock players actually cry when they realized the fans had come to meet us.

It was a terrific thrill for me, just as it was being named player-coach of the Clippers last January when Red Sullivan was named coach of the Rangers. My ambition always has been to become a coach, but I never dreamed it would happen to me at the age of 30. I'll be 32 in March, still pretty young to be coaching, but I'm still playing and I like it that way.

I also like the salary I'm getting and I'd say that's one of the reasons I stayed

**HOCKEY FOR ALDO HAS
MEANT STITCHES, SCARS,
CRUMBLING TEETH, BUT
ALSO A GOOD SALARY**

in the American League instead of the National. My salary moved up to a point where the Rangers probably felt they were better off using a youngster and paying him a little less than what they'd pay me. Now I'm owned outright by Baltimore.

Friends of mine, after they see my scars, often tell me I'm still underpaid. But I tell them that scars are an accepted part of the game. In 11 years as a pro I've had about 400 stitches, but the only bad scar I ever got came from baseball. I was 13 years old and got hit with a bat

over the left eyebrow. Ten days later I got in a fight with a kid and he split the thing wide open again. The doctor used clamps but it never did heal right.

Playing hockey I once lost a few back teeth. I skated into the boards with my teeth clenched and a couple of back ones just crumbled. Don't ask me about the bone breaks. Just pick out a bone in my body and you can bet it's been broken some time or another. I won't comment on what I did to "the other guys."

Speaking of other guys, we've had quite a few who've gone up to the NHL and done well. This season Gilles Villemure, our young goaltender, was called up to the Rangers last November and actually did better than he did in the American League. And look at Donnie Johns. He played defense for us and was quite good, although not the best. When the Rangers called him, he was an immediate hit. So, you have to think that our league is pretty darn good.

That's why I'm so satisfied being where I am. And I'm glad I have Terry Reardon for a general manager. It can be a tough job playing and coaching. Before Baltimore, the only previous experience I had was coaching part of a game one time in Cleveland and running a few practices.

Up until last January my only thoughts were to continue playing in the American League as long as I could. Then, Sullivan got called up to New York and I got a telephone call that same night from Reardon.

He said: "Do you want to be player-coach?" He broke the word gently—gave me three seconds to make up my mind.

Do you know how long it took me? . . . Three seconds. And, do you know what? . . . I'm not sorry!

THE CRISES OF ANDY BATHGATE

by Les Schecter

THERE ARE TURNING POINTS IN EVERY LIFE, BUT THE RANGERS' GIFTED FORWARD FACED MORE THAN HIS SHARE ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS



ANDY'S quick reflexes enable him to maneuver in tight spots. Here, he spins swiftly before firing hard shot at Boston's Don Simmons.

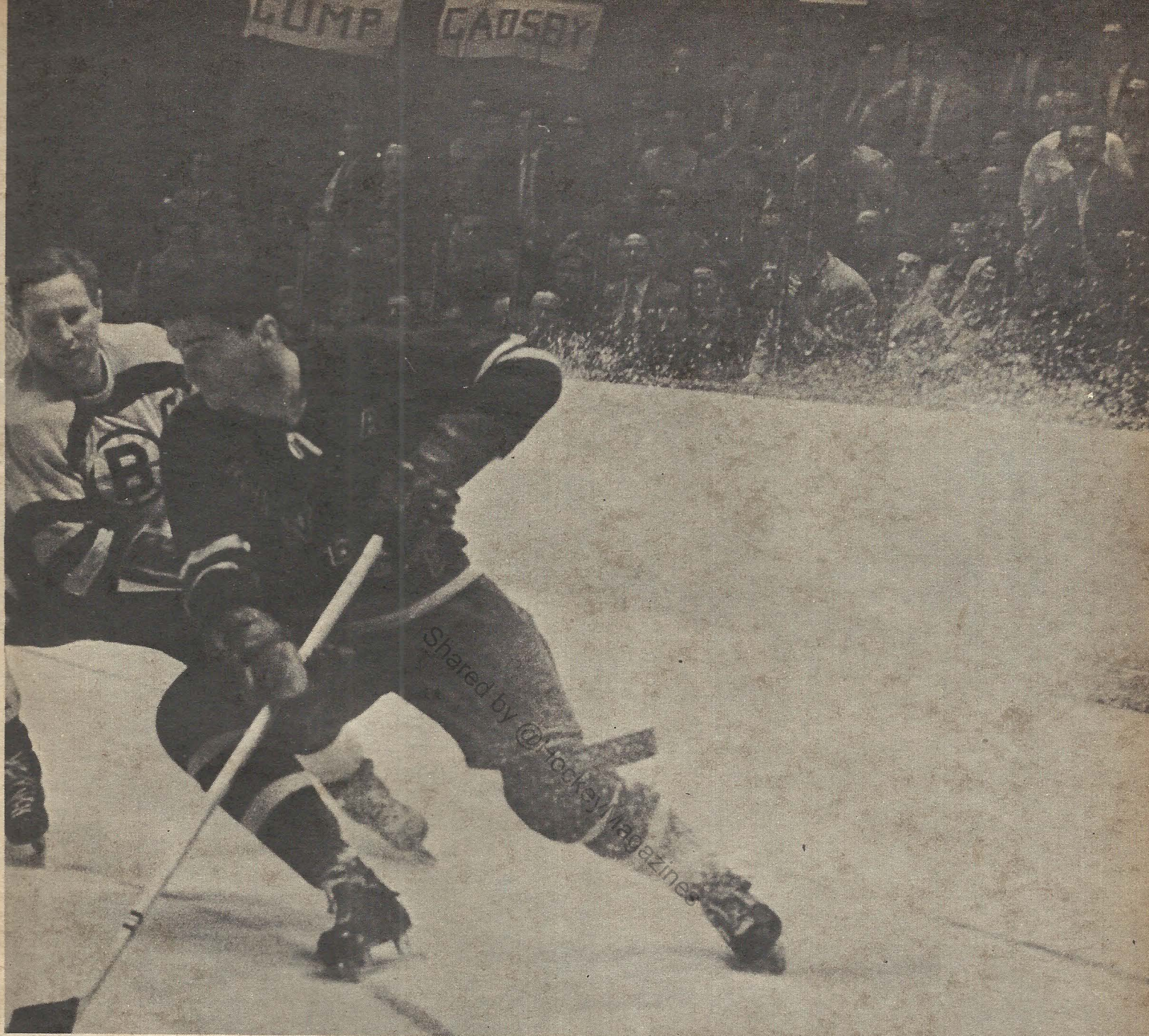
A HOLLYWOOD script writer would have a ball doing Andy Bathgate's biography. It goes something like one of those delicious Saturday afternoon movie serials of yesteryear. One week the hero is left hanging from the cliff; the next, he's saved as crisis follows crisis. The script is altered from week-to-week with the hero finally living happily ever after.

And so it is with Bathgate, the New York Rangers' supreme scorer and playmaker. Like the movie hero, Bathgate is a man of sterling character, boundless ability and a large helping of good looks. He is, as they say, The "Good Guy" in a league abounding with rough customers.

The only difference is that with Andy, the battle to reach the top has been truly fought with difficulty. To an outsider,

Andy's troubles may seem like minor tribulations, but to Andy they were real, live problems any one of which could have abruptly altered his career.

For Bathgate, in his 10th full season with the Rangers, there were six significant turning points; first as a youth, later as a teenager and, continuing on into his adult life. Each, in its own way stands out vividly in Andy's mind.



As a youngster growing up in Canada, he naturally became an ardent hockey fan. His desire, moreover, was further enhanced by his father's interest in all sports, his mother's tolerance of the hazards of hockey, and the interest of his four older brothers and sisters in helping him with his hockey.

At the age of five, Andy made his debut on ice wearing a pair of his sister's skates; at six, his brother placed a hockey stick in his hands for the first time; and, at seven, he fired his first slap-shot, breaking a window with it.

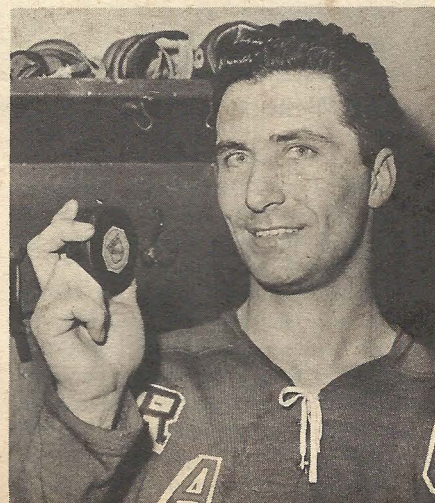
BOOST FROM FAMILY

"Like everyone else, childhood experiences have greatly influenced my adult life," says dimpled Andrew James Bathgate, who was born August 28, 1932 in the Winnipeg suburb of West Kildonan on the wind-swept Manitoba plains.

Bathgate recalls being confronted with his first major "crisis" at the age of nine. He and his friends had found an old dilapidated barn a few miles from his home. The youngsters, relishing the thought of having their own private indoor rink on which to play hockey, made elaborate plans to freeze over the cracked floor. They did their best to freeze an even coat of ice but the cracks and bumps made the skating hazardous.

Playing their first game in the makeshift rink, Bathgate was skating backward at full speed. Suddenly, while applying a body-check, his skates hit a crack and Bathgate went flying.

His head hit sharply on the ice. He scrambled up quickly, his head in a daze and blood dripping over his home-made uniform. His lips were puffed. One front tooth was completely knocked out and a



ANDY poses after scoring in 9th straight game.



EVEN FOR the best, hockey is a rough-and-tumble game. Here, Andy topples to ice, while Boston defenseman Charlie Burns dodges skates.

second was cracked in half.

Running home, he was wary of confronting his mother. He was afraid she would scold him for being careless and would forbid him to play again.

But his mother said nothing. She calmly washed away the blood, patted him on the back and sent him to the dentist.

"I'll never forget his first words as he greeted me," says Bathgate. "'Andy,' the dentist said, 'just remember you'll never be a hockey player if you've got all your teeth. And, son, it looks to me like you're going to be a hockey player.'"

A LESSON LEARNED

26 Bathgate learned an important lesson

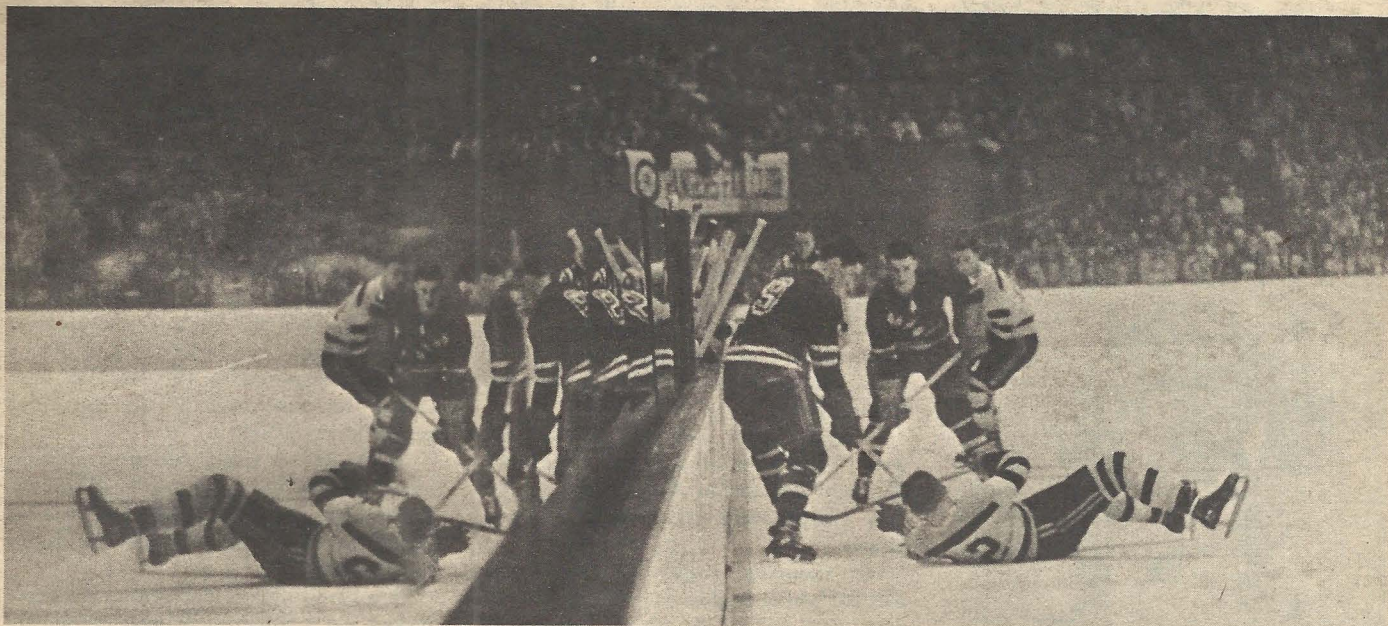
from this experience, one he has never forgotten.

"If an athlete worries about injuries or looks," he says, "he can't be successful in a contact sport like hockey. Such concern makes him tense and more prone to injury."

Injuries Set Back Andy, But His Most Serious Hurdle Was A Loss Of Confidence

Ice hockey is the fastest non-mechanized sport in the world and outside of another Canadian diversion, lacrosse, is probably the most dangerous. It was as a teenager that Bathgate learned just how dangerous lacrosse could be and this became his second "crisis."

He was 14. Not satisfied with playing on six organized hockey teams and coaching a seventh, Bathgate utilized his "free time" by playing lacrosse with his friends. One afternoon, while taking part in a scrimmage, he was accidentally whacked across the right eye with a lacrosse stick. The eye bled profusely. His vision blurred and he feared he had been blinded.



ONE BATHGATE is about all any team can cope with, but here the Boston Bruins face five as Andy's image is reflected in the guard glass.

As he was being treated by the doctor, he could only think of the hockey career that might have been. He was despondent, hurt. His spirit was shattered. The doctor, after a close examination, assured Andy that his sight would not be permanently impaired. But Bathgate would not believe him. For two weeks he walked around in a state of uncertainty, not knowing if he would be able to see when the patch was removed.

SIGHT AND ICE

Finally the big day arrived. The patch was taken off. For a moment there was nothing but darkness. Then slowly, ever so slowly, his line of sight came gradually into focus. He could see again! Within hours he was back on the ice—determined more than ever now that hockey would be his life. To make sure, he stopped playing lacrosse!

A year before his eye accident, when he was 13, Bathgate's father died of throat cancer. About the same time, his mother had been taken gravely ill and had undergone a serious operation. It was then that Andy realized the importance of a healthy body. He vowed never to drink, smoke or do anything that might impair his physical condition.

"My job is my body," he says, "and hockey is my living."

At 16, Bathgate was signed by the Rangers as a future pro-prospect for \$100. The following year, 1949, saw the entire Bathgate family move from cold Manitoba to the more temperate conditions in Guelph, Ontario. There, Andy became a teammate of his brother, Frank, when the Rangers signed him to play for the Guelph Biltmores at a salary of \$40 per week.

As a youngster, Bathgate and his chums would practice hours on end, shooting the puck at each other. They would fire

high and hard, over and over again. They would shoot high, not only to avoid leg injuries and broken sticks, but because the high shot was the glamorous one. It was a great thrill to watch the puck soar through the air, elude the goalie and fly into the net.

By the time Bathgate reported to the Biltmores, he had perfected this shot and used it whenever possible. Alf Pike, then coach of the Biltmores, noticed this habit and began yelling at Bathgate to "shoot it low" during the pre-season training sessions.

Bathgate began shooting low all the time and the results were terrible. His shots were weak and erratic. His passes would go awry. His coordination deserted him completely. Finally he lost his confidence. Confused and spiritless, Bathgate was confronted with his third and, perhaps, most serious "crisis."

Shortly before the opening of the sea-

son, Pike, noticing the change in Bathgate's play, asked the youngster to stay after practice one day. He told Bathgate that he had not meant for him to completely desert his high slap-shot.

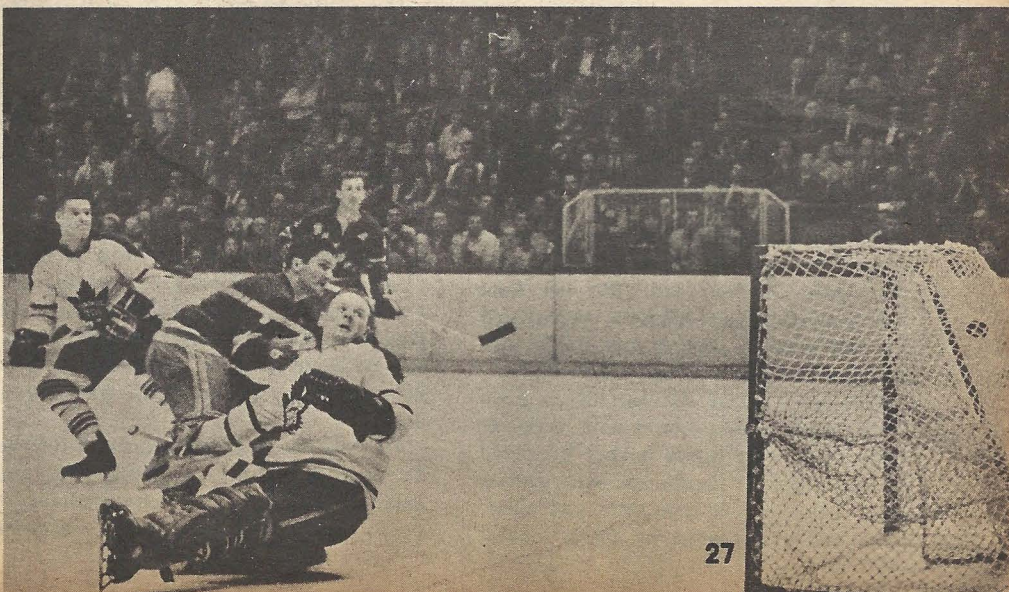
"If you want to make the NHL," Pike told the youngster, "you'll also have to learn how to shoot low. You've got to learn how to mix-up your shots so that the defense will not know what to expect."

Pike reminded Bathgate that low shots travel just as fast as high ones and that more rebounds, and thus more goals, result from low-traveling shots.

NEW FACETS

Now Bathgate understood Pike's point. He suddenly became aware of another facet of hockey—a side he had never seen, never knew existed. He began examining his grip on the stick, his skating coordination, and a hundred other things he had never thought about.

ANDY'S scoring ability is shown here as he rifles one past Toronto's talented Johnny Bower.





ANDY scuffles with Detroit's Howie Young.

As a youngster he would grab a stick, put on his skates and shoot the puck as hard and straight as possible. Now he was taking his first step toward becoming a professional hockey player. He began studying the game.

Playing in his first game with the Biltmores, Bathgate incurred his first serious knee injury.

"I was very tense," Bathgate recalls, "and on my first turn on ice I took a hard board check and didn't give with it enough. I felt something in my left knee pop. Then I was on my back, by leg throbbing with pain."

The injury sidelined him for a month. When he returned, he was wearing a knee brace on his left leg. He became so concerned about protecting the knee from strain he shifted his weight to his other knee. Eventually, this knee also needed a brace.

Bathgate looks upon the years 1949-1953 as his fourth "crisis" period. During this period he had to decide whether a skater with average ability, hobbled by two bad knees, and lacking a great knowledge of the science of the sport could make it to the top.

The first three of these years were spent with Guelph. About half that time was spent on the bench. His left knee was causing him considerable mental and physical trouble, and it was touch and go from one game to the next.

However, during his periods of inactivity, Andy experimented with different grips, read every bit of hockey literature he could get his hands on, and studied every move of his teammates and opponents alike. Gradually, he began master-

ing the fundamentals. His scoring touch improved. The Biltmores won the junior championship of Canada in 1951-52, Bathgate's last season with the club, and he still calls that one of the greatest thrills of his career.

CORRECTIVE SURGERY

In the summer of 1952 Bathgate came to New York where the Rangers' club physician, Dr. Kazuo Yanagisawa, performed corrective surgery on his left kneecap. He cut a piece of bone from below Bathgate's knee and grafted it with a tendon to a different position an inch to the side of the kneecap. A small metal plate was attached to keep the kneecap from slipping.

Bathgate spent two of the loneliest weeks of his life in St. Clare's Hospital. He knew no one in New York and his only visitors were nurses and Dr. Yanagisawa.

His thoughts would wander to the 200,000 young hockey hopefuls in Canada every year and of the slightly more than 100 players listed on the rosters of the six NHL teams. Bathgate wondered whether he would ever be a member of that elite group. Lying in the hospital, he wasn't even sure he would ever walk again, let alone skate and play hockey. What would happen when a burly defenseman handed him his first body-check?

Bathgate didn't have long to wait for his answer. Assigned to Guelph again for the 1952-53 season, he played only one game when he was called up by the Rangers. Only three months after a major knee operation, Bathgate finally reached the NHL. But he lasted only 18 games and was shipped to Vancouver in the Western Hockey League.

While playing against Calgary about a month later, Gus Kyle, the old Ranger, slammed Bathgate with a vicious body-check. Andy went down, his bandaged knee hitting the ice with a thud. He staggered to his feet thinking that the end of his hockey career had come. But, except for having the wind knocked out of him, Andy was all right. The knee had help up. His fourth "crisis" was over. He finished the season in high style, scoring 11 goals in nine playoff games for the Canucks.

The start of the 1953-54 season found Bathgate again at Vancouver. But once again the Rangers sent out an S-O-S early in the year.

This time Bathgate managed to stick for 20 games. However, instead of being farmed out to Vancouver again, the Rangers sold his contract to the Cleveland Barons in the American Hockey League. For Bathgate it was a staggering blow to his confidence. A fifth "crisis" was now at hand.

He had flunked two chances with the Rangers, and the New York club was apparently giving up on him. Perhaps he ought to quit now, Andy thought. Maybe

he just wasn't NHL calibre. He packed his bags slowly and decided not to report to Cleveland.

He placed a call to his mother. Perhaps she held the answer. His mother talked to him for close to an hour. She reminded him of all the years he had spent working to make his dream come true—his dream to be a player in the NHL. Somehow she persuaded him to go to Cleveland.

IN MAJOR LEAGUE

With the Barons that season, Bathgate's talents jelled. He compiled a fine record that influenced the Ranger management to pick up his option at the end of the year. He reported to the Rangers next season for the start of an illustrious career in the NHL.

In his 10-year major league stay, Bathgate has had only a handful of serious injuries. But his first one—in 1958—almost ended his career. He regards this as his sixth "crisis."

In a game against the Bruins, Bathgate picked up a loose puck near center ice and skated in on goal with only Fern Flaman, the burly defenseman, between him and the goaltender. Bathgate feinted once and wound up to shoot. In the next second he found himself on the ice with a five-inch skate cut down to his instep.

"I decked when I should have ducked," Bathgate quips.

The injury was serious enough to sideline him for five games—the first ones he had ever missed in the NHL. For a time, however, he feared that the injury might leave him crippled and bring his career to an abrupt close.

"The cut was very deep," he says, "and for the first few days I couldn't even stand on it. I prayed hard for a complete recovery and I'm thankful my prayers were answered."

In the 10 years he's been with New York, Bathgate has practically rewritten the Rangers' record book. He is the highest scorer in the team's history, holds the club record for most goals and most points in one season and is the Rangers' record-holder for most assists in one season.

In addition, he holds the modern NHL record for scoring goals in 10 consecutive games, 1962-63; he was the recipient of the Hart Trophy as the Most Valuable Player in the League, 1958-59; and tied for the NHL scoring championship in 1961-62.

For the past seven years Bathgate has been the leading scorer in the league in total points amassed.

Twice he's been named the NHL's All-Star rightwinger, while two other times he was named to the All-Star second team.

But there is a seventh crisis Bathgate would like to endure before he hangs up his skates for good—the crisis of a Stanley Cup final. So far, he has only reached a semifinal round.

"A crisis like that," he says, "I can use about once a year."

HOCKEY'S ANNUAL QUESTION:

ARE THEY OR AREN'T THEY THE FALLING LEAFS?

by Sig Demling



Toronto Coach Punch Imlach



CHICAGO offered \$1,000,000 for Frank Mahovlich, in fight above.

SOMETIME IN February of almost every year, the eyes of the hockey world focus on Toronto, Ontario, and fans from Vancouver to Boston ask one another the same question: "What's wrong with the Maple Leafs?"

This has become a chronic question because, for reasons known to nobody, the Maple Leaf hockey club never seems to be doing as well as the universe expects it to, at least not in February. Last year was a good example.

The Leafs were loping along in second place behind Chicago for most of the season, but the space kept widening so that by late February it finally reached nine points. At that point everybody conceded first place to Chicago. Everybody but Toronto's manager-coach George "Punch" Imlach.

While writers mocked Imlach's stubborn optimism, he rallied his Leafs to such a froth, they swept past Chicago and clinched first place. Observers rated the sprint as the equivalent of the New York Giants' 1951 pennant victory when they overcame a 13½-game Brooklyn Dodger lead. Unlike the Giants, who lost

the world series, the Leafs took first place and the world series of hockey, the Stanley Cup.

Apparently, the critics never learn. Once again, this year, the Leafs started slowly and, soon, questions began to blossom; questions that hinted the Leafs couldn't possibly do it again.

When the Leafs dropped 10 points behind first-place Chicago last December, hard-nosed analysts began to believe the Leafs had withered. The question is, how badly have they withered and will they be able to rebound enough to recapture first place and the Stanley Cup?

It must be a good question because even the super-optimist Imlach and his lieutenants are wondering about it.

"This season," says Leaf publicist Ed Fitkin, "you almost get the impression that the Leaf's theme is based on the Broadway hit, 'How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying.'"

FARM SYSTEM

Normally, a slumping team plucks a few stars off its farm clubs to shake up the varsity. With the Leafs, this is a virtual impossibility. "Understaffed and unproduc-

tive," is the way Jim Proudfoot of the "Toronto Daily Star" describes the Leaf's farm system. "Nobody else in the league thought much of the Leaf's young players because none were drafted last year."

The most vexing problem to Imlach is the question of age. He has more senior citizens on his roster than an old-age home. One wonders how long they can go on. Johnny Bower, the classic example, is somewhere between 39 and 49 years old, ancient for an NHL goaltender.

Imlach had traditionally been a Bower booster but this season, the goaltender's deportment so disturbed the coach he publically berated Bower to the press after a game with Montreal.

"He blew it," snarled Imlach in an unprecedented indictment of Bower. Imlach was enraged because Montreal scored twice while the Leafs held a man advantage. "He played those two goals like this team has been playing all season. When they get a man advantage they think they can take it easy."

Imlach also was referring to Frank Mahovlich, the multi-talented left winger for whom Chicago offered one million dollars in June, 1962.

"What's wrong with the Leafs?" asked Fitkin. "You just had to watch Mahovlich to realize why they're not clicking. They're about as dangerous as toothless tigers."

TIRED MAHOVLICH

Mahovlich is the Mickey Mantle of the Leafs. When he's off his game, the Toronto club can just about forget it. A moody, often philosophical type, Mahovlich said he was tired early this season. Just why a 6-1, 194-pound young man, who just turned 26 years old, should be tired is hard to explain. Even Mahovlich can't explain it.

"You can be tired mentally as well as physically," he said. "If I were to say I was tired, it would sound ridiculous, wouldn't it? People would say: 'Why should he be tired?' There's no obvious answer, so I can't say I'm tired."

The Big M, as Mahovlich is called, has a habit of pacing himself, which gives fans the impression he's loafing when he isn't. The spectators boo, and Mahovlich broods, on and off ice. Not long ago, he was passing a construction site when a workman noticed him.

"Hey, Mahovlich," the worker shouted. "Do you think you can score 40 goals this year?"

"I think I'll score one," the Big M snapped back.

"You'll be lucky to do even that," the man said.

Others believe the Leafs will be lucky to get even one victory in the Stanley Cup playoffs because of the advanced age of Bower, Allan Stanley, who will be 38 in March, and Red Kelly who is 36.

Imlach was criticized last year and the year before because he stood pat with his veterans. He got away with it both times

Potentially A Powerhouse, Many Doubt Whether Toronto Can Duplicate It's Blazing Finish Of A Year Ago



DICK DUFF says teams try harder against Leafs.

and won the backing of his boss, Stafford Smythe.

"I'm not in favor of tampering with success," said Smythe. "My only concern is Imlach's health. If he tells me he's working too hard, a coach will come in immediately. He wants to do both jobs as long as he thinks the players are going all-out for him."

SPUTTERED AND STALLED

That time may be near. When the Leafs sputtered and stalled early this season Imlach said: "What we're doing is not working hard enough."

The Maple Leaf's Trouble Isn't Lack Of "Punch," But Probably Too Much Of It

"We're falling apart and something has to be done about it. There are no untouchables on this team. I'll move any player from first to last."

"What Imlach did was elevate defense man Kent Douglas from Rochester of the American League in return for Al Arbour. It was like switching .200 hitters. Imlach fooled nobody, least of all Milt Schmidt, coach of the Boston Bruins.

"The Leafs," said Schmidt with rare candor, "aren't as strong as last year. For one thing they're a year older. For another, they're spoiled."

"They've won too much," says an observer close to the team, "and they're getting too much money. I'm particularly referring to Mahovlich. He's set with a big contract so he's laying back and taking it easy. But he's not the only 'problem child.' There are others."

Take Carl Brewer as an example. Early

continued on page 76



RED KELLY'S shot is deflected by Glenn Hall.



DUFF keeps balance while clearing puck.

CARL BREWER, who had trouble with Imlach, gets a double dose from two Rangers, below.



by Jack Zanger

2001

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EXPANSION

Just Around The Century

THE National Hockey League, in its most progressive burst of action since it abolished the seventh man on the ice, will pass an amendment at its annual Board of Governors meeting early next year to expand into a coast-to-coast 16-team league. The anticipated move already is being hailed toward recognition

of the NHL as truly being big league.

"I always knew the day would come," said Clarence Ringbell, president of the league. "Sure, it was a long time in coming but we wanted to be absolutely sure before we committed ourselves to expansion."

When it happens, it will culminate

more than 40 frustrating years of false starts and false promises accruing from "expansionitis." Such agitation really got started back in the 1960's, when men like Frank Selke, managing director of the Montreal Canadiens, were going on record as saying that expansion was inevitable. Though Selke was a couple of

years off—he envisioned an expanded NHL by 1968—his prediction is about to bear fruit. “The NHL will consider new teams when the right parties come along with the necessary money to finance a big-league club,” he said then. “After all, you can’t stop progress.”

Thus, here in the year 2001, as hockey embarks upon a new and enlightened century, expansion is just around the corner. Los Angeles drew three and a half million people into its new arena last season—the third year in a row it topped two million in attendance. San Francisco, with millions of dollars of fresh capital being poured into it by Golden Gate

exclude worthy teams with money and talented players from joining our league. I think we should follow the example set by the International Girls’ Softball League, who last week admitted Calgary and Three Rivers into their league, and show we can do the same thing.”

With McNally switching over, the strongest voice of opposition will be silenced. Did McNally think that an expanded league going from six to 16 teams would create a serious manpower shortage? “No,” he said emphatically. “I have worked out a formula. Each of the new teams to be admitted must place three of their players in a pool, from

of the Toronto Maple Leafs. But, then who would come along and undermine the old man’s good intentions but his young son, Stafford, who succeeded him as president of the Leafs. “Personally,” said the younger Smythe back in those naive times of the ’60s, “I feel we should have more teams than six. We have an irrevocable minimum at present. The game in the United States is still young but enthusiastic.” Smythe outlined a plan of his own, which favored such eastern cities as Pittsburgh, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cleveland and Minneapolis-St. Paul ahead of L.A. and San Francisco.

“I have placed Los Angeles and San

EXPANSIONITIS, A STRANGE DISEASE THAT BREEDS BIG TALK AND LITTLE ACTION, PROMPTS THIS FANTASY ABOUT THE NHL IN THE YEAR 2001

Enterprises, which just recently bought the franchise, will start construction of a new rink that will seat 75,000 people. Vancouver, Winnipeg, Seattle and Portland—the other western cities stumping for admission to the league—all showed gains at the gate—and Vancouver hasn’t had an empty seat in the last 12 years.

WELCOME MAT IS OUT

The brightest sign of hope that expansion will become a reality comes from Lucien Frontenac, president of the New York Rangers, Stanley Cup champions for the last eight years. “I have always been for expansion,” Frontenac said recently from his plush offices at the new Madison Square Garden, in New York, where the Rangers drew 20,000,000 fans in their 41 home games last season, and where they captured seven of their twi-night doubleheaders. “What’s good for hockey has always been uppermost in my mind. The minute any other cities can show they are able to support a big-league hockey club, I’ll be the first one to stick out my hand and welcome them into our league,” said the man who was instrumental in increasing the league schedule to 82 games. And when Frontenac speaks, the other club owners listen.

The last few remaining pockets of dissent are fading. As Miles McNally, president of the foundering Montreal Canadiens, who lost all but 14 of their games last season and who are playing to a three-fourths-empty Forum, said, “Our league needs fresh blood, especially Canadiens. I don’t think it is fair for us to

which each of the original six teams will select a total of five players to replenish their own rosters. Canadiens, of course, finished last again last year and so would have first pick.”

“I’d like some time to think about that,” said Frontenac when notified of McNally’s plan.

MEETING OF MINDS

However, this seeming meeting of minds is evidence of the great strides hockey has taken toward solving the difficult steps toward expansion. Back in the 60s, the drastic player shortage was the cause of much dissension among the owners.

“I’d like to see more teams in the league,” said Admiral John Bergen, then president of the Rangers. “We can’t build interest in hockey if we don’t expand. More teams create more interest,” he said stoking up hope. But then he poured cold water over it all by concluding, “I don’t know how the devil we can do it. We haven’t got enough players to stock the NHL now.”

But even then, there were those with vision. “We have to start developing our own players,” said Al Leader, president of the Western Hockey League. “Our teams must have more farms of their own. Big-league hockey isn’t keeping up with the times. Every other major sport has expanded to the West Coast, and with excellent results. Hockey won’t be national in scope until it does the same.”

“The West Coast is a hockey gold mine,” said Conn Smythe,” one-time boss

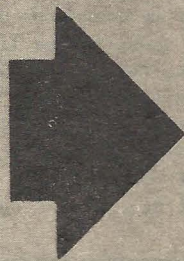
Francisco fourth and fifth in line,” he explained, “as they now are minor-league franchises. Besides, they are municipally-owned. With such executive policy and leadership, a hockey team would have to get out of the rinks too often as there would be diversionary attractions.” Mr. Smythe was being a little diversionary himself. Especially when he was nearly pinned down to saying when he actually thought expansion would ultimately take place.

“Which comes first, the chicken or the egg?” he asked.

Yet another famous scion helped to derrick plans for expansion. “Hockey expansion will come in time,” said Frank Selke, Jr., on the usual opening note of hope. “But present hockey leaders do not want it to come until the new teams can hold their own without dragging down the standard of play now existing in the league.” But, on a more realistic note, he added, “If hockey can improve its financial structure on its lower levels, expansion—successful expansion—will be a fact and not a dream.”

The problems, then, in those days were two-fold: Not enough players of big-league caliber were being developed fast enough to keep more than six—the original six—teams stocked with top-notch personnel; and cities, other than the six making up the NHL, were not considered mature, or ripe enough to support major-league hockey in the manner to which it had become accustomed. The premise of the owners then, altruistic as it may have

DOUG HARVEY'S CASE AGAINST THE



D OUG HARVEY walked slowly toward the players' exit at Madison Square Garden on that October evening in 1961. He smiled, opened the door and the fans mobbed him. The Rangers had just beaten Boston, 6-3, hardly the stuff to cause such excitement, but as the people surrounded Harvey, the Rangers new player-coach, they looked at him the way a Yankee fan would look at Mickey Mantle.

Here was the new "king," making his triumphant bow to his court. Here was the man who, with a hook here, a slash there and common sense everywhere, was going to bring the Rangers better times—the kind they haven't enjoyed since little Davey Kerr wore gauntlets.

It was difficult to imagine that those same fans, who loved Harvey when he was up, could have ridden him so callously when he began to go down this season. But they did, and in a way only New York hockey fans seem to be able to do.

They did it eight years ago to Allen Stanley and they have tried for 11 years to do it to Harry Howell. Late in November Harvey sat at the end of the Ranger bench for his last three NHL games; the traditional towel wrapped around his 39-year-old neck and the frown of a man wishing he could go out any other way.

Ranger coach Red Sullivan had been telling Doug and the New York reporters that he planned to spot Harvey, "using him at the right time." But the handwriting was on the side walls for all to see. Harvey was about to go. If Doug Harvey had even dreamed it would end like that, on a November night, with less than one third of his 17th NHL season gone, he would have gone out gracefully by retiring last summer. But, he still thought he had it and, to some, it looked like he was right. To some, it looked like he wasn't getting a chance. This is Doug Harvey's case against the Rangers.

Harvey, for 14 years a hero in red,

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Rangers

by Dick Sorkin

**Lured From Retirement Only To Be Rudely
Let Go, One Of Game's All-Time Greats
Deserved Better, Says A Top Writer**



white and blue for the Montreal Canadiens—where only the very best is tolerated—came to the Rangers in a trade for Lou Fontinato. Ranger vice-president Muzz Patrick and Canadiens managing director Frank Selke agreed that Doug would both play and coach.

The Rangers have made the Stanley Cup playoffs once in six years and Harvey's first year in New York was the one time they did it. But the man didn't want to coach any more. He didn't even want to come back to New York.

"You can't coach and play, too," he said. "It's impossible. You can't see what's going on. I can't do it. I have to be fair to myself."

Doug brought his wife and five children to live on Long Island. For the first time they left their Montreal home for more than a vacation. It was a strange way of life; commuting, the subway, the schools, the atmosphere. He didn't want to subject his family to another year of moving around and he didn't want to subject himself to the loneliness a sensitive man can feel without the family.

For 14 years, Harvey had been "one of the boys." He went out with his teammates after a game and he did what they did. "But a coach can't do that," he used to say. "A coach has to stay away from his players if he wants their respect." Harvey stayed away. And, so, Douglas Norman



RANGER general manager Muzz Patrick, left, shakes hand of present coach, Red Sullivan.

Harvey, a \$25,000 a year employee, told his bosses, in effect "thanks, but no thanks!" He would stay home, hang up his hip pads, and forget it all. That was in the summer of 1962.

"HARVEY GO HOME"

But, the Rangers without Harvey, reasoned the Madison Square Garden brain trust, would revert to normalcy, a frightening kind of thought for a mid-summer night's dream. Patrick went to Montreal, talked to Harvey and, to make a melodrama a short sentence, he persuaded Doug to return as "just" a player at, supposedly, the same salary. Harvey had a bad first half of the year and the balconyites, the same ones who hung a "Thanks, Doug" sign from the railing began to chant, "Harvey, go home."

That first coaching year had been difficult, for things apparently were a lot different for the man from Montreal in New York. Harvey used to complain that he couldn't get the Madison Square Garden ice for practice and that management didn't always consult with him before sending a player down or bringing one

up. That was part of his case against the Rangers. But, he had the players' respect. "We do what he says," said Earl Ingarfield, "because we know he can do it himself. He is a great hockey player." But that greatness was forgotten less than a year later.

Harvey finally did go home last December. The man who had twice quit and twice reconsidered was given his unconditional release, but this time no one was going to reconsider. If Harvey, had felt he couldn't still play in the NHL, he would have said so. He is that kind of man. "The legs are still good," he said. "I'm still a little out of shape, but I'll get there."

Maybe he will still get there, but in the AHL where old hockey players fade away. Somehow, a man watching Harvey

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DOUG cut dashing figure when he joined N.Y.

**HARVEY SAID HE'D
TELL THE RANGERS
WHEN HE DIDN'T
HAVE IT ANY MORE
... BUT
THEY DIDN'T WAIT**



DROPPED by Rangers, Doug manages tight grin.

"THE RANGERS' CASE AGAINST DOUG HARVEY"

"Muzz" Patrick, general manager of the Rangers, said he gave Doug Harvey an unconditional release, "because I didn't think he could help our club anymore."

Patrick added: "It was mainly because he wasn't being played. Sitting on the bench, he got out of shape. No team keeps a player his age sitting on the bench."

The Ranger official said the move had nothing to do with Harvey's salary. "I had the money to pay him," Patrick said. "As a matter of fact, if Harvey was offered to us by another club, I might have considered taking him, if he was in top shape and could have been played. But, under the circumstances, his weight was not getting any better and that was no good for us."



NEVER ONE to shy from contact, Doug tumbles over Murray Balfour . . .



AND CLAMPS down on a charging Bruce MacGregor right in goalmouth.

RANGERS said Doug wasn't in shape. Here, he let Toronto's Bob Pulford get by him for a point-blank shot at Ranger goalie Jacques Plante.



Romance of the Stanley Cup

A MUG LORD STANLEY PURCHASED 70 YEARS AGO FOR \$28.80 IS NOW WORTH MILLIONS IN BOTH MONEY AND THRILLS

NEAR THE end of each March, the teams that have finished first through fourth in the National Hockey League's regular season enter the Stanley Cup playoffs with only one thought in mind—"to come fill the Cup."

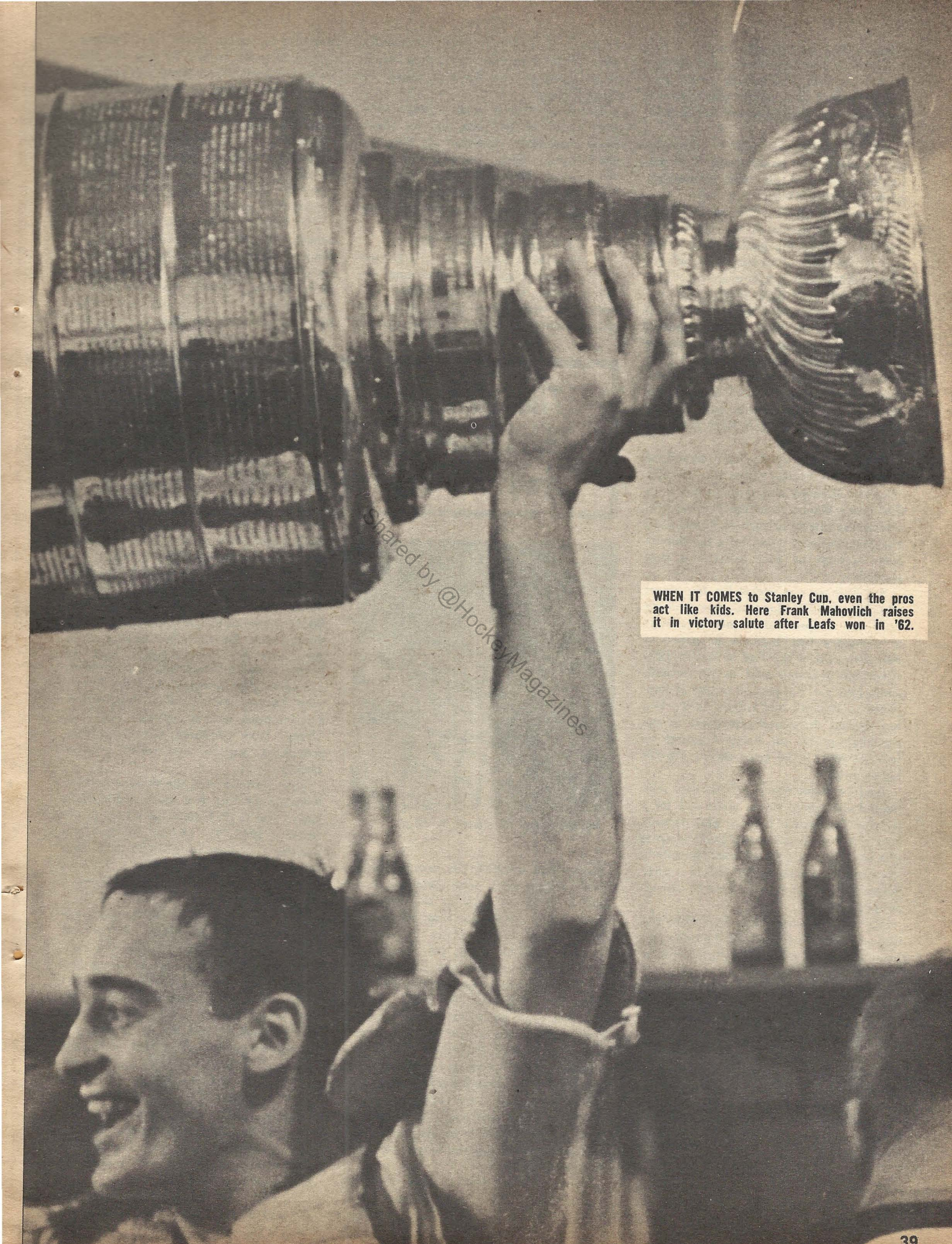
The Cup is, of course, Lord Stanley's silver mug, which he purchased in 1893 for ten pounds (\$28.80), and which has become emblematic of professional hockey supremacy.

On the night of final victory, the club that has picked up the playoff marbles will fill the Cup with champagne and proceed to drain it to the last drop.

This ceremony is traditional, but little else about the Stanley Cup is so sacred. In fact, "irreverent" might be the best word to describe the trophy's colorful and tempestuous history.

It has been, for example, swiped from its glass showcase in the lobby of Chicago Stadium by an avid Montreal Canadiens





WHEN IT COMES to Stanley Cup, even the pros act like kids. Here Frank Mahovlich raises it in victory salute after Leafs won in '62.

rooted; it has been dumped into a canal (which was dry, more than could be said for the doers of the dastardly deed), and it once served as a charwoman's flower pot, complete with earth and fast-blooming posies.

Still, the Cup has survived, to be fought over annually in competition that has produced some of the most memorable games in hockey history.

Like the April 7, 1928, match when Lester Patrick, coach of the New York Rangers, donned the goalie's gear at the age of 44 and proceeded to beat the Montreal Maroons, 2-1, in overtime.

LONGEST ON RECORD

Or, the contest that started the evening of March 24, 1936, in the Montreal Forum and concluded at 2:25 o'clock the following morning when Detroit rookie Modere "Mud" Bruneteau beat Maroon goalie Lorne Chabot from in close at 16:30 of the sixth overtime period. That still stands as the longest NHL game on record.

Just as past playoffs have served as showcases for hockey greats like Maurice "Rocket" Richard and Gordie Howe, so this year's Stanley Cup competition will feature the talents of such as Bobby Hull and Jean Beliveau (barring a last-minute form reversal of near miraculous proportions).

But keep an eye peeled for the player who has plodded along all season, doing little that is spectacular, only to emerge as a Stanley Cup hero. It happened to Pete Babando of the Red Wings in 1950 when his overtime goal in the seventh game beat the Rangers, 4-3. And it happened to Boston's Mel Hill in 1939 when he notched three overtime goals in the semifinals against the Rangers, though he had scored only 10 goals during regular season play.

And to think that Lord Stanley, who started the whole thing, never did see a Stanley Cup game. His Lordship already had returned to his native England from Canada when, in 1892, he wrote a letter to the Dominion offering to present a challenge cup to the amateur hockey champions of Canada.

His offer was accepted; he shelled out the necessary 10 pounds for a trophy that men have spent millions to pursue; and so the fun began.

The first Cup game was played March 22, 1894, at Montreal's old Victoria Rink. It matched the Ottawa Capitals against the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. Montreal won, 3-1. There were no penalties and the spectators were described as being "enthusiastic, but fashionable." Which probably meant that while they did jeer a referee's questionable decision, they refrained from throwing seat cushions onto the ice.

From 1894 through 1902, the Cup was shuttled back and forth between the Montreal Vics, the Winnipeg Vics and the Montreal Shamrocks. The Montreal AAA

reclaimed it in March 1902; successfully defended it in January 1903, then lost it to the Ottawa Silver Seven in March of the same year.

The Stanley Cup matches were held twice a year at that time, and the Silver Seven successfully defended the Mug six times before losing possession to the Montreal Wanderers in 1906. Actually, the Silver Seven had lost possession of the Cup (temporarily) one cold evening in 1905.

CUP GETS "DEEP SIX"

It was after a victory dinner tendered by the happy fans of Ottawa and the Silver Seven were weaving their way homeward when Harry Smith, on an impulse, booted the trophy into the Rideau

March, one of its teams, the Toronto Arenas, won the trophy by downing the Vancouver sextet, three games to two.

The trophy remained in Canadian possession until 1928, when the Rangers bested the Maroons three games to two, with Lester Patrick chalking up his memorable victory in the second game while subbing for the injured Lorne Chabot, who eight years later was to figure in that longest NHL match.

The Boston Bruins kept the mug in America the following year by beating the Rangers three straight in a best of five series. Oddly enough, the early successes of the Boston and New York teams were no harbingers of the future. Both clubs have won the Cup but three times each—

Though Stolen, Thrown Away, Used As A Flower Pot, The Cup Survived - And Its Tradition Still Grows



BOSTON'S Mel Hill starred in '39 playoffs.

Canal. Upon awaking the next morning, Harry was stricken with pangs of conscience. He went back to the bone-dry canal and recovered the Cup, which was slightly dented but still intact.

Come to think of it, the Wanderers weren't much more thoughtful about their prize. After winning the Cup in 1906, the players filed into Jimmy Rice's Montreal photo studio for a team picture. They walked out a few minutes later, neglecting to bring the trophy with them. A charwoman cleaning up found the mug, placed it on the mantle over the fireplace and proceeded to raise flowers therein. The Cup was missed the following autumn. A call was made to Mr. Rice, who promptly cleaned up the trophy and returned it good as new.

The National Hockey League was formed in 1917 and promptly entered the Stanley Cup competition. The following

the Rangers for the last time in 1940, and the Bruins for the last time in 1941.

Over the last two decades, it has been the Canadiens (with the likes of Richard, Elmer Lach, Toe Blake, Beliveau and Boom Boom Geoffrion), the Red Wings (with Howe, Sid Abel, Ted Lindsay, Glen Skov and Bill Quackenbush), and the Leafs (with Ted Kennedy, Max Bentley, Syl Apps, Gus Mortson and Dave Keon) who have dominated Cup competition. Head-to-head clashes among "The Big Three" have produced always exciting, sometimes superb and often violent hockey.

First Toronto was the dominant team, winning the Cup five times within eight years. The Leafs bested the Wings in the finals in 1942, '45, '48, and '49, and beat out the Canadiens in '47. The most cherished of these triumphs, among Toronto fans at any rate, was the 1942 series final against Detroit.

The Leafs entered as 8-5 favorites and proceeded to play dead. The Wings, sparked by Don Grosso, beat the Leafs 3-2 and 4-2 at Toronto, then upended them, 5-2, at Detroit. It looked like a clean sweep for the Motor City six, but the Wings reckoned without Syl Apps (who scored nine goals) and a couple of youngsters named Don Metz and Ernie Dickens. Toronto won the fourth game, 4-3, then routed the Wings, 9-3. While the Wings labored in vain for the clincher, Toronto took the Cup home with 3-0 and 3-1 wins in the final two games. Canadian writers later were to vote the Toronto performance the sports comeback of the half-century.

In 1950, the Leafs finally made way for the Red Wings. The semi-final round that

year between first-place Detroit and third-place Toronto was one of the bloodiest in Cup history.

HOWE GETS BANGED UP

Midway through the first game, Gordie Howe plunged face first into the sideboards, suffering a concussion, broken nose, fractured right cheekbone and a scratched eyeball. For a time his condition was serious. Detroit players claimed that Howe had been "butt-ended" with a stick by Ted Kennedy. Kennedy and his teammates avowed that Howe hadn't been touched, that he had simply careened out of control into the boards. A league review of the game films exonerated Kennedy, but the Wings remained unconvinced.

Near the end of the second period of the second game, Kennedy was tripped by Ted Lindsay, then rapped on the head with a stick by a second player. Gus Mortson rushed to Kennedy's defense and the battle was on. The fires of combat were to alternately flare and die throughout the entire game, which the Wings finally won by a 3-1 score. But after that, the emphasis was on hockey. And Detroit won in seven games.

The Wings then met the Rangers in
continued on page 81

CAPSULE COMMENTS ON NHL CLUBS' CUP CHANCES IN '64

Which one of the NHL's six teams has the best chance of winning the Stanley Cup in 1964? Well, let's take a look:

BOSTON: Better goaltending, a beefed-up defense, some scoring punch, a great deal of luck and a few players of the Eddie Shore-Milt Schmidt calibre could get the Bruins home first. But that's pure fantasy.

NEW YORK: Three Andy Bathgates on every line and a few outlaw-like defensemen for the masked Jacques Plante would improve the Ranger chances immeasurably. Still, it's also a dream.

DETROIT: A few small miracles—and Gordie Howe—could see the Wings home. But don't bet on it.

MONTREAL: Canadien fans have waited four years for another Cup winner; they can wait a little longer. But Boom Boom Geoffrion and Jean Beliveau could make for some interesting evenings in late March and early April.

TORONTO: Toronto's not sold that Johnny Bower's too old, and in Red Kelly they have a fine speaker; but the feeling persists, that the Leafs won't exist, against Bobby Hull, Red Hay and Stan Mikita.

CHICAGO: Meet the champs.



TYPICAL of fast-action in Cup games is save by Detroit's Terry Sawchuk in finals last season.

HOWE

man behind the record

YOU'D THINK people would know Gordie Howe by now. He's been in the National Hockey League for 18 years and has submitted to some 18,000 interviews. But the fact remains, the public still doesn't know the real Gordie Howe, the secrets of the Detroit Red Wing immortal.

How many of his fans who know the superficial facts—that he's scored more goals and assists than anybody in hockey history—realize he nearly was killed in an airplane crash? How many know what

out the window and saw our engine all on fire.

"'Heyyyy, Alexxxx,' I yelled and pointed out the window at the flames. It didn't look too good for a while, but, somehow, they got that thing under control and put it out. Anyhow, I didn't feel too wonderful while it was happening."

Howe had another close call up in the air—along with his Red Wing teammates—in April 1961 in the midst of the Stanley Cup playoff finals with the Chicago Black Hawks. This time the Wings were flying

of perspiration I looked like I just came out of a shower."

One of the chief reasons for Howe's hockey longevity is his ability to relax, at least when he's not in a plane. Sometimes, he's so relaxed he forgets about the world around him. There was the time Gordie was invited to play in a championship golf tournament. He accepted and played the first round during the morning.

Intermission was called at Noon, so Howe took off for what he thought—and so did the promoters—would be an hour

EVERY FAN KNOWS OF HOWE'S RECORDS, BUT FEW KNOW OF HIS HUMOR, HIS INTERESTS, HIS BOYHOOD DAYS. WELL, HERE THEY ARE

by Dale Phillips

he's like on a fishing trip? Or about his new secret passion, skiing? These are some of the secrets of Gordie Howe. Not to mention half a dozen others.

The plane incident took place a few years ago. "I was flying to a banquet with Alex Delvecchio," says Howe, who will be 36 in March. "All of a sudden I looked

to Chicago for the fifth game. "It was in one of those 'Electras' that were having trouble around that time," Gordie recalls.

"That plane was bouncing around like an elevator in a broken shaft; I mean it was really dancing! I know I was worried 'cause when we got off the plane I took off my jacket. My shirt was so full

of fishing. "I got out in that boat," Howe says, "and fished all day; I never got back to the tournament."

Fishing has been one of the Detroit star's weaknesses for most of his life. It doesn't matter whether it's deep-sea fishing off Florida or simple angling in Lake Waskiseu, Saskatchewan. He loves it and



BIG MOMENT in Gordie's career was his 500th goal, scored here against the New York Rangers.

loves to talk about it. Especially when his rivals and friends, goaltenders Johnny Bower of Toronto and Glenn Hall, are involved.

"I guess it's in our blood," he says, "since we're all from the Province of Saskatchewan. I'm from a little town outside Saskatoon called Floral. Glenn's from Humboldt and Johnny's a native of Prince Albert."

A MILLION LAUGHS

On ice, Howe limits conversations with his fishing pals to monosyllables. "If I hit them," he explains, "I'll ask them if they're hurt. Usually they'll say 'no' and that'll end our talking. But when we're fishing, we talk all day. Sometimes we laugh all day at our fishing."

Gordie's favorite source of humor is Bower's angling technique, if it can be called that. "I've seen Johnny pick up his rod and attempt to flip the line out... and throw the whole thing, the line and gear and everything, into the water."

"This is becoming like a routine with us. We have to get back to shore, pick up a couple of new rods, so we can fish out Johnny's old one. We don't catch a lot of fish, but we have a million laughs."

Howe usually has a like number of laughs with his teammates. Few outsiders realize it but Howe possesses one of the keenest wits this side of Jack Benny. He has a serious side, too.

The Wing players hold a deep respect for Gordie's humility and concern for their welfare. "Whenever the team is near

Saskatoon," says ex-Red Wing Howie Glover, "Gordie invites all the boys over to his parents' house for dinner."

"It never fails," adds Val Fonteyne, also an ex-teammate of Howe. "The rookies on the Red Wings always are invited over to Gordie's house in Detroit for meals. He's like a father to them. He's also great to the veterans, too."

Defenseman Bill Gadsby seconded that thought last fall, the night Howe scored his 544th goal, tying the all-time goal-scoring record of Maurice (Rocket) Richard. "My wife and I went out with Gordie and his wife after the game," Gadsby remembers. "Do you know something—he never said a single word about his goal. He just toasted my wife Edna because it was her birthday."

Howe's wife, Colleen, like her husband, has become something of a celebrity in Detroit. She has been called on to judge fashion contests and, of course, is seen with Gordie after every Red Wing game. She also is responsible for Gordie getting involved with a sport that could hasten the end of his hockey career—skiing.

"She's a real bomber," says Gordie proudly. "And I mean she loves the sport. When we're on the road she'll take the kids and go up to a small area near Detroit called Pine Knoll for skiing."

"Last year she and I took a trip to Aspen, Colorado and I tried it. I went for three miles—skied one and slid for two."

EVEN BIGGER moment was this one . . . Gordie receiving ovation after scoring his 545th goal.





THREE RANGERS wonder how Howe does it, as Gordie maneuvers freely in front of New York net.

Often Considered A
"Natural," Gordie
Developed His Skills
Through Constant
Practice



HISTORIC goal is seen here, as Gordie far left, slides puck past the motionless form of Montreal's Charlie Hodge on Nov. 10, 1963.

But I like the sport and every once in a while I'll sneak off and try it. When I'm on the road, I'm usually standing in front of some ski shop looking at equipment.

STILL A TERROR

Many of Gordie's opponents would be very happy if he'd stay on the ski slopes and off the ice. He's still a terror as a shooter and still manages to enrage rivals with an occasional elbow in the face or butt end in the ribs. "He's rougher than ever," says tough guy Stan Mikita of the Chicago Black Hawkes, "and dirtier than ever."

Just why Howe should resort to dirty play at all amazes some of his rivals. "Whenever he belts me," says Camille Henry, the fragile New York Ranger left wing, "I ask him why he does that. Gordie, I say, 'you don't have to play that way. You're too good.' But that doesn't

stop him."

Actually, this mean facet of Howe's game secretly has been a part of Howe's style since he was a kid. "At Omaha," says Detroit scout Jimmy Skinner, "he used to kick guys' skates out from under them from behind." Montreal coach Toe Blake recalls Howe as a tough hombre when they played against each other. "He wasn't exactly dirty," says Blake. "Not that exactly, though he could give you a pretty good elbow in the face, if you weren't watching."

The secret of Howe's rough play lies in his desire for self-protection which was imbued in him as a youngster. "I lost two front teeth in the first game I ever played in my life," Gordie admits. "I caught an elbow in my mouth and there they went."

Once Howe gets ready to leave the dressing room he removes the plates from

his mouth and carefully places them on a ledge above his locker. There was a time, though, when he used to wear the plates. Several years ago in a game against the Rangers Gordie was involved in a scramble in front of the Rangers' net. A stick hit his mouth and Howe dove to the ice.

"Are you hurt?" the referee asked as Howe crawled along the ice.

"Nawww," replied Gordie in his Western Canadian drawl, "I'm just looking for my upper plate."

WRONG-WAY GLOVES

Many youngsters have been puzzled by Howe's uncanny ability to shoot equally well from both the right and left side. Uncanny is, perhaps, an understatement because no other player in hockey is able to do this. For years the secret of Howe's ambidexterity has been clouded in the vague phrase "it came naturally."

continued on page 77

THE GAME'S top scorer takes a tumble here over Earl Ingarfield.





TWICE A WEEK FOR
THE PAST SEVEN
YEARS, ARNEE HAS
PUT ON THE PADS
FOR FUN, BUT
NO PROFIT

by Stan Fischler

Nocks is just

ARNEE blocks hard shot in Ranger workout.



Nuts about Nets

A NOTED TELEVISION DIRECTOR, ARNEE GETS HIS KICKS, BUT NO MONEY, BY BEING THE RANGERS' PRACTICE GOALIE

WHEN IT comes to split personalities, nobody in sports can top Arnee Nocks, who divides his time between directing television shows in Manhattan and working as practice goalie for the New York Rangers.

Nocks, who also is an accomplished musician, is paid a handsome salary by WNEW-TV where he has handled award-winning programs. But he doesn't receive a penny for putting his life on the line while guarding the Ranger nets.

"I wouldn't want to get paid," says Nocks, a 37-year-old bachelor, who didn't start playing hockey until he was 20. "I get such a kick out of getting on the ice with big league players I'd be willing to pay them."

NHL players regard Arnee's behavior as something less than rational and don't mind telling him so. "You oughta have your head examined," suggests Lorne "Gump" Worsley, the Montreal Canadiens' goaltender. "At least I have an excuse for being a goalie. I get paid for it. You risk your life stopping those crazy shots when you've got a good job, lead a comfortable life...and don't get paid a cent for it."

Worsley's pleas bounce off Nocks just like the barrage of hard rubber pucks he faces at least twice every week. "If things go right," Arnee says, "I'd like to do it another five, maybe 10 years. At least I'm trying to work it out that way."

Twice a week for the past seven years, Nocks has been taking a taxi from his midtown studios, through Manhattan traffic, to Madison Square Garden where the Rangers work out. He even arranges his television hours so they won't conflict with his hockey practice.

CUTS AND STITCHES

Once he's on the ice, Nocks is strafed by the Rangers' hardest drives including Andy Bathgate's feared 100-mile-an-hour slap shot. Many of the blasts are the "screened" type which Arnee cannot see because his view is blocked. Many of them have cut his skin so badly his face is beginning to look like a railroad map. A conservative chap, off-ice, Arnee figures he's collected about 60 stitches in the past seven years.

"I stopped counting after the 25th," he says. "During a workout I never think about getting hurt. If I did I'd probably crack up like some of the big-league goalies do."



OFF THE ICE Arnee is television director. Here, he reviews script with pretty assistant.

The 5-8, 155-pound Nocks was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., but he didn't get on skates until he learned of a Friday night league at the old Brooklyn Ice Palace. Players of all ages and abilities would pay \$3 to get on the ice, starting at 11:30 p.m. "We'd play sometimes until four in the morning," Arnee recalls. "I know that for a fact because I remember being carried to the hospital at a quarter after four one night after I got knocked out by a shot. It bugged me 'cause the game wasn't over yet."

He got his break with the Rangers in February, 1955, while watching the NHL team practice. The regular spare goalie didn't show up so trainer Frank Paice, who had seen Arnee play in Brooklyn, suggested the TV-man lace on the pads.

"I've directed a lot of glamorous TV shows," says Nocks, whose resume includes *The Kraft Theater*, *Captain Video* and *The Mike Wallace Show*, "but the day Paice came over to me was the biggest thrill of my life."

"It also was the most nervous day of my life. I was scared, but I also realized this was the chance I'd waited for and I was going to go through with it, nervous or not. When I got on the ice my stomach was tied up in a thousand little knots. Then, Andy Bathgate shot one and to my amazement I stopped it. After that, one by one, the little knots began to untie themselves and I began to feel this was what I should've been doing all my life."

TOO OLD

Despite his age and lack of formal

hockey training, Nocks is regarded as a superior goaltender and might have been a professional had he started sooner. Once, a couple of seasons ago, he was vacationing in Canada and dropped over to the Rangers' training base at Niagara Falls, Ontario, just to say hello. As soon as Phil Watson, then Ranger coach, saw Arnee, he urged him to put on the pads and get on the ice.

Arnee did it and kept the opposition scoreless while five goals seeped through Worsley, who then was the Rangers' goaltender. "I'd make you my regular goalie," Watson said, "but you're too old."

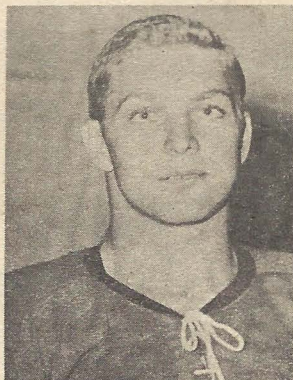
There's still a chance he might get into a regular NHL game. Arnee is one of the goalies the Rangers retain on their standby list. And it's possible that if Jacques Plante, the Ranger goaltender, is hurt during a game this season, Arnee might be called down from the press box as his replacement.

Nocks insists he's content to remain the practice goalie. But, recently, as a concession to his friends, he agreed to wear a protective mask during workouts. Until then, he'd never lost a tooth.

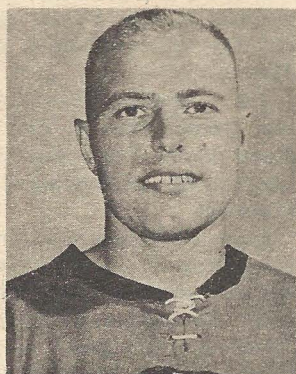
In his first workout with the new mask, Arnee faced a screened shot from 35 feet out. It whistled through a maze of players and struck his mask at the mouth. The mask shattered into a hundred pieces. Among the pieces on the ice were Arnee's two front teeth.

"Now," says Arnee, the man with the world's most dangerous hobby, "I'm a real hockey player."

JEKYLL & HYDE



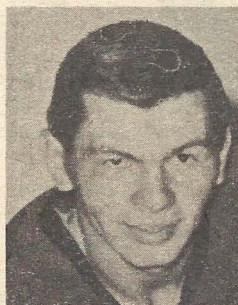
Good guys—Bobby Hull and



Rugged defender Elmer Vasko

ON ICE...TWICE

by Marv Albert, CBS Sports



Bad guys—Stan Mikita



...And Pierre Pilote.

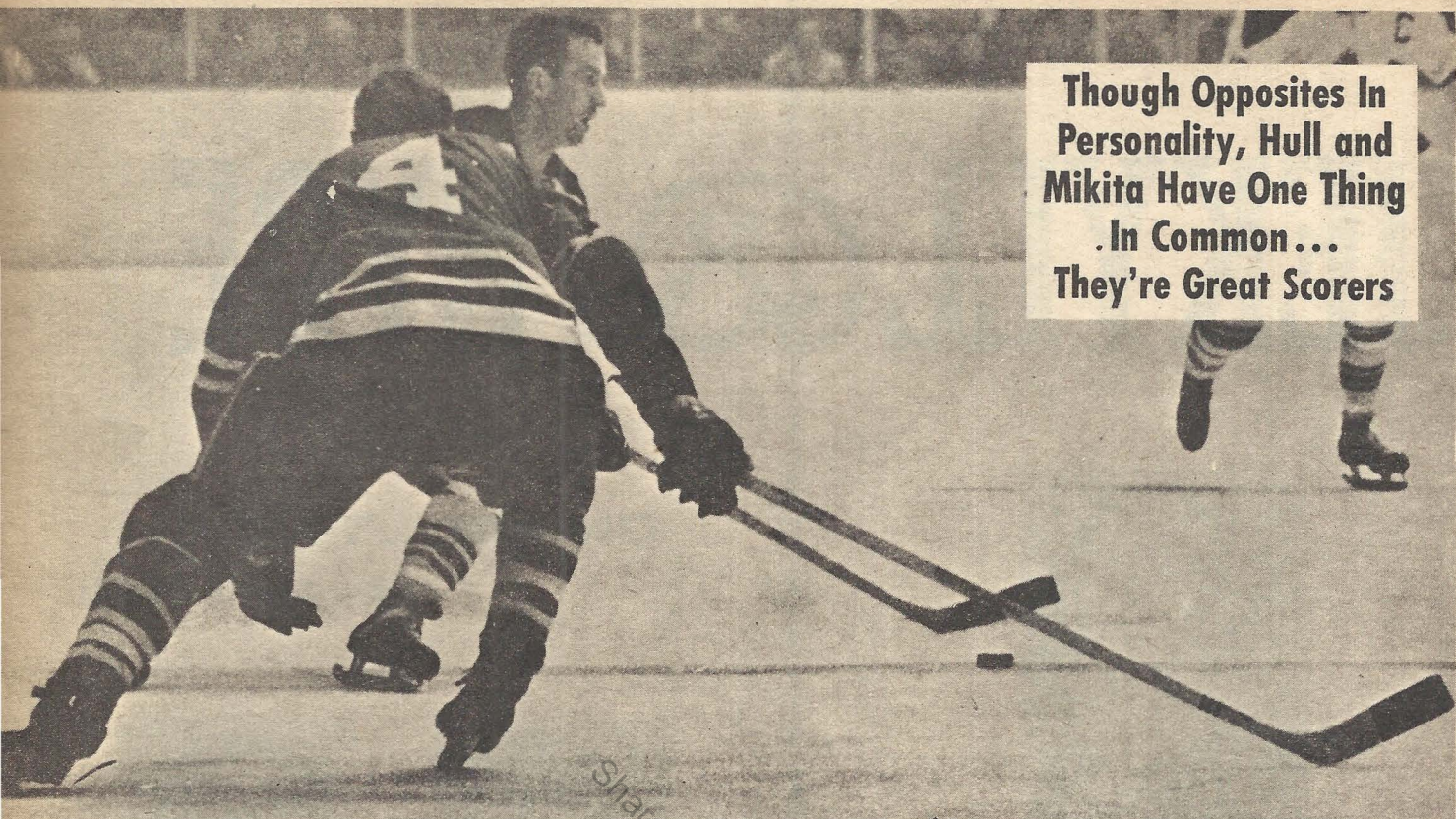
CHICAGO'S COMBINATION OF GOOD GUYS (Hull and Vasko) AND BAD GUYS (Mikita and Pilote) MAY PAY OFF IN A PENNANT

ELMER VASKO, alias Dr. Jekyll, had possession of the puck in his own zone. He nudged a pass cross-ice to his Chicago Black Hawk defense partner, Pierre Pilote, alias Mr. Hyde. Pilote took it on his stick and began to pick up speed. He carried the puck to center ice, skating through two Montreal Canadiens defenders. Pilote spotted Bobby Hull, another alias Dr. Jekyll on his left side.

Within a split second, Hull had the puck in front of him. He wound up and slapped a shot to the left of goalie Gump Worsley. The impact of the blazing hard rubber shot against the wooden boards echoed throughout the vast Montreal Forum.

Afterwards, Worsley, still in a mild state of shock, blurted: "Hull is the only player whose slap shot worries me. He comes in like a racing car and throws

Though Opposites In Personality, Hull and Mikita Have One Thing In Common... They're Great Scorers



HULKING form of Hawk's Elmer Vasko blocks path of Toronto's Dickie Duff. Elmer is aggressive defender, but manages to keep contact clean.



Happy Bobby after 50th goal.

that rubber dynamite. It can kill you."

Now, Stan Mikita, the other alias Mr. Hyde, had the puck in Canadian ice. He spun around, then dropped the puck for Pilote. Pilote fed Hull, who was to the right of the Montreal goal. He shot the puck. Kick-save by Worsley. Mikita beat the Montreal defense to the rebound. Another shot. Glove-save by Worsley. Finally, play was stopped for a face-off.

Pilote and Mikita, the two fearsome Mr. Hydes on the Black Hawks, as opposed to Vasko and Hull, the two pleasant Dr. Jekylls on the club are a study in contrasting personalities. Yet, these opposites have combined to lead Chicago to the upper strata of the NHL.

Off to one of the best starts in Chicago history, the Hawks may end up leading the league in everything but broken sticks. At one point in December, the Hawks had the three top goal scorers, the most wins, the fewest losses, the most

penalized player (Howie Young, of course), and the most penalty minutes as a team.

It came out of left-field, but we asked coach Billy Reay if he had read "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He hadn't, and furthermore, he was puzzled by the question. He reminded us that he is a hockey coach, not a book reviewer.

But, this is a hockey coach who is involved with two pairs of Jekylls and Hydes; two sets of paradoxes on ice.

Take Stan Mikita, the bad guy, as opposed to good guy Bobby Hull. Mikita, who is never without a fresh scar on his body; Mikita, the scrawny-looking, high-cheekboned, dead-end kid from Czechoslovakia; the little guy with a chip on his shoulder.

Good guy Hull presents a completely different image. His hair is blond, his eyes blue, and his skin is evenly tanned. His handsome face is usually lit up with a pleasant smile. Bobby could well be Mr. Clean's kid brother.

A rabid hockey fan once said in anguish: "I hate the Black Hawks because they're too good—and they're so mean. I especially hate that Mikita. He's so ugly. He's always scowling. He's always looking for trouble. Hull? I don't mind him. He looks like a nice guy. He's good-looking, and he just goes out and plays the game." Hence, the Jekyll-Hyde legend.

Personality-wise, teammates Mikita and Hull are extreme opposites. Yet, they do have several traits in common. Either one is capable of leading the NHL in scoring

in any given year; they are among the most valuable players in the sport; each, through his own individual style, is an exciting hockey player; and both are the key offensive threats on the Black Hawks.

It's a similar strange situation with the defense team of Pierre Pilote and Elmer Vasko. These two Backline stars comprise the outstanding defensive pair in hockey.

Pilote, like Mikita, is a little fellow with a well-earned reputation as a scrapper. His close-cropped haircut doesn't detract from his Eskimo-like facial features. "Don't get him mad," is the warning, "because he'll get you the next time. He might also strike when you're not looking."

Elmer Vasko is the second party of this defense paradox. The "Moose" gives the appearance of a handsome tackle from a midwestern college. He's 6-3, 210 pounds—and is capable of destroying anyone in the league. But, unlike Pilote, big "Moose" hasn't had many fights. There have been a few pushing and shoving matches—but nothing more than the preliminaries. Nobody wants to test him further than that.

Many have tested Stan Mikita. Mikita acts like he's built like Vasko or Hull, and when he finds out different, his hockey stick compensates for his five-feet, nine inches, and 165 pounds.

Two years ago, after Mikita applied a five-stitch cut to the eye of Montreal's Billy Hicke, the Canadiens became en-

HULL CAN get rough too, as Boston's Bronco Horvath discovers in clash against boards.





BOBBY FAKES the goaltender one way and then slips puck past him despite efforts of defense.

raged over the dead-end kid's tactics. Montreal coach Toe Blake declared: "Mikita has hurt more opponents than any one player in the league, always by hitting them from behind. He never, so far as I know, hit anyone who was looking."

Mikita's answer: "Sure, I've hit people from behind, who hasn't? Take the Hicke business. People blame me for starting it. Okay, but what about before that when he speared me? He gives me a cross check, so I give him an elbow."

"Remember this—I'm a small guy, so I figure I got to hit first, before they hit me."

STANKY IN SKATES

Black Hawks' publicist Don Murphy labels Mikita "the Eddie Stanky of hockey—but, Mikita has tremendous ability. Stanky had to work for whatever he got."

Like Stanky, Mikita is a perpetual needler. Stan doesn't only concern himself with the opposition. One Chicago player told the story of the great Maurice Richard versus Stan Mikita. It seems that Richard, the retired Canadian ace, sits near the ice for most Montreal games at the Forum.

"Richard," the player said, "often gets on Mikita. Well, the other night, while play was in progress, Mikita skated by and screamed at the Rocket: 'You better

speak to Campbell about putting that asterisk next to your record . . . it's all Gordie Howe now. . . .'"

The Rocket had nothing more to say for the remainder of the game.

Ranger general Manager Muzz Patrick compared "bad guy" Mikita to "good guy" Hull:

"Bobby has about the same physique as Mickey Mantle. You look at him and you shiver. On the ice, every move he makes looks easy. He rarely gets into trouble. But, everybody picks on Mikita. They try to get him off the ice. You can't do this with Hull . . . nothing bothers him."

Don Murphy added: "Off the ice, Hull is very cooperative. Mikita gives the impression that he couldn't care less."

As for Hull, the comparison with Mantle goes past physical attributes. Both athletes project similar images. Hull is the super-star of his game. He's the last man to have scored 50 goals in a season, an accomplishment attained only by Richard and Bernie Geoffrion of Montreal. Hull is generally considered the man most likely to do it again . . . and again. Actually, Bobby is capable of scoring a goal a game—or 70 for the season.

"Bobby has so many things going for him," says linemate Murray Balfour, "it's



VASKO can be provoked at times. Here, he mixes it up with Don McKenny.



A FIERY COMPETITOR, Mikita flashes away from New York Ranger net after rocketing puck past goaltender Gump Worsley in game at Garden.

hard to single out any one or two assets." Balfour enjoys talking about Hull. He continued: "He has one of the hardest, if not the hardest, shot in the league. He's got power. He handles his stick with one arm and fends off the opposing players with the other—like a football player giving a straight arm. He's one of the strongest players in the league. When defensemen came at him by the boards, they usually just bounce off him.

"Bobby is a natural skater. Gordie Howe and Henri Richard seem to be others like this who can skate all night. Bobby actually could go two or three shifts at a time. He could probably use more ice time."

Apparently, coach Billy Reay shares these thoughts—for Hull has been playing from 30 to 40 minutes a game. Reay also uses Mikita the same way. Last season, both Hull and Mikita complained to former coach Rudy Pilous that they were not receiving enough ice time. Both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are delighted with the present setup.

PERFECT COMBO

The Jekyll-Hyde defense team of Pierre Pilote and "Moose" Vasko is the "perfect kind of combination," according to Black Hawk forward Ron Murphy. Coach Reay added: "... yes, personality-wise, they complement each other."

Pilote is the team leader; he's the captain. He looks tough, acts tough, and is tough. On the other hand, Vasko's even temperament is a lucky break for opposing players. As Tom Williams of the Boston Bruins put it: "He could kill a guy."

Pilote has come close to accomplishing

this feat. Fifteen stitches in Montreal forward Dave Balon's head are exhibit A. Other victims of the famous Pilote spear (the art of jabbing the stick into an opponent's body) are exhibits B through Z.

Several years ago, Ranger star Andy Bathgate hit on this subject in a magazine article. Andy wrote: "He'll spear occasionally," referring to Pilote. Then, Bathgate concerned himself with the entire group of spear carriers; "... none of them seems to care or realize he'll be branded a 'hockey killer' if somebody dies."

Pilote's views on the practice of spearing are similar to fellow "bad guy"

PILOTE blocks path of Ranger Guy Gendron.



Mikita's thoughts on rough or dirty play: "Hit first, before they hit you. . . ." Both Pilote and Mikita usually manage to hit first.

Pilote is booed in foreign arenas around the league. Pierre's roommate Vasko is applauded. The fans enjoy watching this 28-year old giant rush headlong down the ice. Elmer has improved steadily each year. Reay calls him an outstanding "defensive-defenseman." In other words, Vasko must stay back and cover for Pilote.

Pierre is an offensive-defenseman. He will anticipate upcoming plays. He will steal more passes than most defensemen. But, this anticipation has often proved to be Pierre's downfall. Sometimes he out-guesses himself. If he looks bad, he'll look astonishingly bad. Pilote's ways are similar to those of the "guess" hitter in baseball.

Reay made the comparison: "The batter who is attempting to out-guess the pitcher will look awfully silly when he is way out in front of a slow curve, which he thought would be a fast ball."

Thus, Pilote takes the chances—with roomie Vasko ready to back him up. Pierre, with the animal instinct, as opposed to Vasko, the big guy with temperament—the perfect combination.

These Jekylls and Hydies may bring Chicago its first pennant in the club's 37-year history.

It doesn't happen in the movies or in novels, but on the Black Hawks the "good guys" and the "bad guys" have joined forces and nobody in Chicago seems unhappy about it.

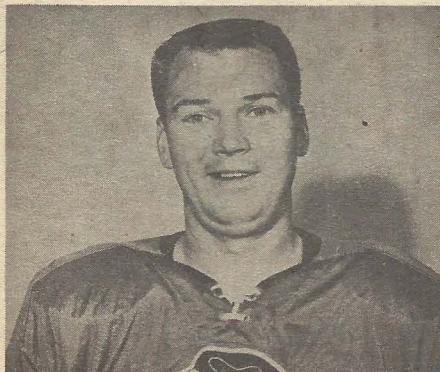
SEX APPEAL

OF THE STARS

by Sharlene Schop



With A Sharp Wit,
And A Gleam In Her
Eye, A Pretty Fan
Casts A Quick Look,
And A Wink Or Two,
At Hockey's Heroes



Ab McDonald—He's Cute

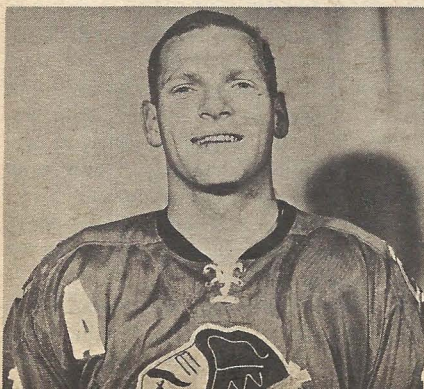
CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS

AB McDONALD

AB IS "cute." His crooked smile makes up, in part, for his blank expression. With wild crewcut, large exciting eyes, and cleft chin, he'd be nice to date at the campus coffee shop. But I'm not so sure about any place else.

BILL "RED" HAY

Perfect to bring home to mother, "Red" is tall, with clean good looks, and is exceptionally articulate. In addition to his college degree, he has that indefinable something known as "class." This is evident from the way he carries and conducts himself both on and off the ice. His mother could proudly introduce him to friends and say: "This is my son, the hockey player."



Bill Hay—He's Got Class

MONTREAL CANADIENS

BERNIE GEOFFRION

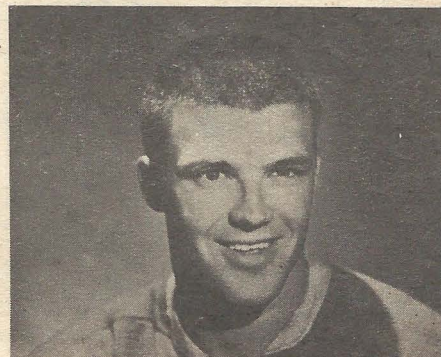
Overpowering would be the one word for "Boom Boom." Built somewhat like the door of a bank vault, his deep, sexy voice enhances his tremendous brawn. The Boomer's chief flaw is his expressive face which betrays his slightest emotion. His theatrical qualities are multiplied by his radical moods and the fact that he sings on Canadian television. This could come in handy for the Montreal Canadiens. He should sing to distract his opponents.

JEAN-GUY TALBOT

I would call him hockey's "All-American Frenchman." He must have been the guy all the cheerleaders had a crush on in high school. His ready, infectious smile accounts, too, for his vast popularity. His strong-willed, deliberate actions counteract the fact that it is difficult to run your fingers through his hair—there isn't much of it. But Jean-Guy still gets my vote for a fireside date on New Year's Eve.



Bernie Geoffrion—Overpowering



Jean-Guy Talbot—A Fireside Date
BOSTON BRUINS

JOHNNY BUCYK

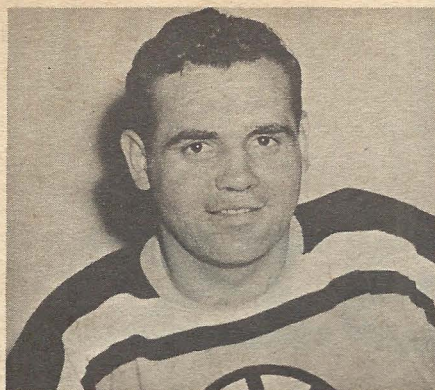
Understandably, his teammates call him "Chief" because he looks like an Indian. But, to me he looks Chinese. His eyes crinkle when he smiles, and not many hockey players have a broader grin. I'll bet he wouldn't be a "hanger" on a date. At a party I'd bet he'd be dangerous in the corners.

LEO BOIVIN

Chunky, swarthy and dark, Leo looks like a small tank. Does he appeal to me? Tanks, but no tanks. I'd hate to wrestle with him. He has laughing eyes, but only one eyebrow—all the way across his forehead. However, he looks warm and friendly and, I'm sure, is a good husband and father.



Johnny Bucyk—Dangerous In Corners



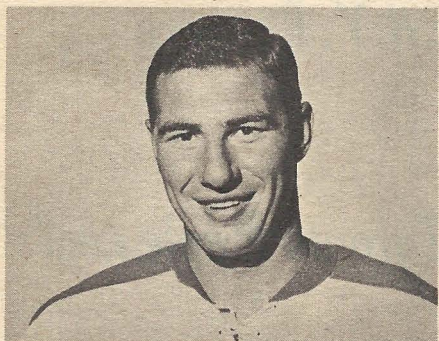
Leo Boivin—Laughing Eyes
TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

BOB PULFORD

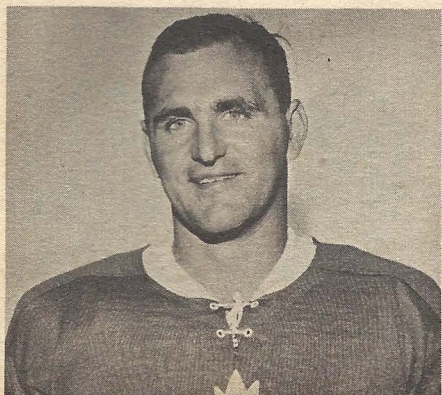
Collegiate looking, Bobby is intelligent and well-read. His face has interesting character lines. For a hick from Newton Robinson, Ontario, he has traveled quite a bit. Anyway, you just have to like a guy who comes from a place like Newton Robinson. On the ice, he's known for his rough and determined style, which gives him the quality of a protector. And I know plenty of girls who would be willing to give him that job.

BOB BAUN

When Bobby was in grade school, his teacher undoubtedly wrote on his report card, "Does not play well with others." A hard-hitter on the ice, he could also be called a "bully." He has cold eyes and is a shrewd businessman. I'd bet his smile is phony, and I wouldn't trust him as far as I could shoot a puck. And I can't shoot!



Bob Pulford—A Protector



Bob Baun—A Hard-Hitter

NEW YORK RANGERS

HARRY HOWELL

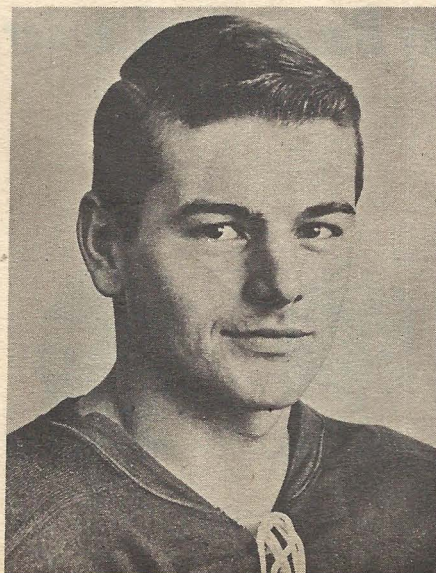
In addition to an outstanding record on the hockey rink, this 30-year-old Canadian has a lot to recommend him. Masculinity and a terrific physique—maybe a little too terrific—are among his other assets. Even his heavy beard isn't discouraging enough. Harry also is known for his coolness. Despite some unfair razzing from the fans, he manages to avoid hysterics. But all this doesn't do much good for, alas, he's a married man with two kids.

ROD GILBERT

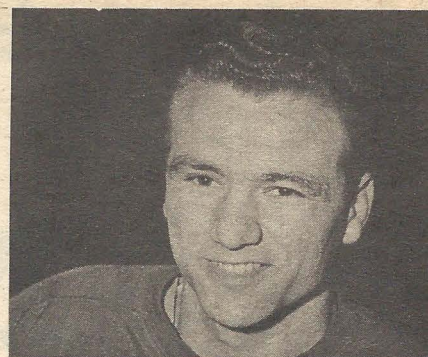
His slow smile could melt any girl's heart. His strong arms, clean good looks, and fine manners are an unbeatable combination. He could even make a confirmed bachelorette start dreaming about being a good cook. Not only girls, but also dogs and children, are strongly attracted to this quiet bachelor with bedroom eyes. A final social note: he prides himself as good at the "Twist." We haven't questioned him about the "Fish," however.



Harry Howell—A Terrific Physique



Rod Gilbert—Bedroom Eyes



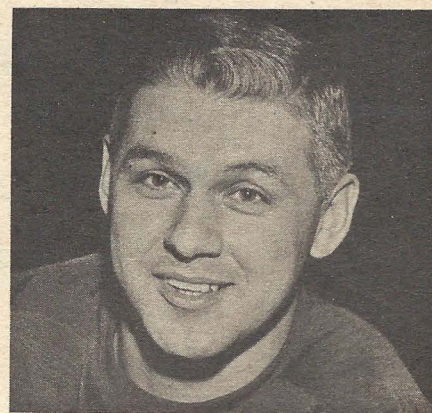
Norm Ullman—Sparkling Eyes
DETROIT RED WINGS

NORM ULLMAN

His sparkling dark eyes seem to be laughing at the world. Categorically, Norm is the strong, silent type. People who have met him say he's aloof. The air of mystery about him may be interesting, but getting a word out of him is like debating with the sphinx. Only a special kind of girl would get to the blue line with Norm.

ALEX DEL VECCHIO

"Fats" has a beautiful face. He's an easy-going guy and would be a fantastic date. Ummm, Boy!! Patches of gray in his hair make him look distinguished. This just adds to his charming manner. He loves good Italian food, his downfall. Captain of the Wings, he sometimes gives the impression of being the team joker, rather than its leader. But he's full of vitality and nice to have around. Ummm, Boy!!



Alex Delvecchio—Easy-Going Guy

"SEX APPEAL OF THE STARS"

Formerly a feature writer for the "Miami Herald," Sharlene Schop now edits a magazine in New York City and also handles free-lance assignments on various subjects. Here, she tackles hockey and gives her reactions to a number of the NHL's finest players, from a strictly feminine point of view.

Hockey's Great Debate

TO **MASK**

OR **NOT**

TO **MASK**

"I Wouldn't Play Without It"

by Jacques Plante, Goaltender, N.Y. Rangers

"A Mask Is Not For Me"

by Johnny Bower, Goaltender, Toronto Maple Leafs



On November 1, 1959, the face of hockey changed when goalie Jacques Plante, after being hit in the nose with a flying puck, returned from the dressing room wearing a plastic mask. Except for one game, Plante has donned the mask ever since then and it has helped him win the Vezina Trophy three times. Actually, he's won the award six times,

having won it three times prior to the mask, all as a member of the Montreal Canadiens. Now, goaltender for the New York Rangers, Plante has seen his mask idea adopted by goaltenders in every realm of hockey. One exception, however, has been Johnny Bower of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Bower has proven that, despite the rigors of modern goal-

tending, masks are not a requisite for success. He has never worn a protective facial device in a game. Yet, he won the Vezina Trophy in 1961 and led the Maple Leafs to the Stanley Cup during the past two seasons. He also was a prime factor in the Leafs' march to first place last year. On these pages, Plante and Bower debate value of masks.



RISK OF injury cut down, Jacques can go low for hard, close shots.

PLANTE

I'D NEVER play another game of hockey without wearing a mask. After my injury in 1959, a lot of people said I had cramped my style by wearing the mask. They said it cut down on my visibility and that I'd never be the same. In a way, they were right. I've never been the same—I've never felt better than I have with the mask on.

Once, after I had been using the mask for a while, Toe Blake, coach of the Montreal Canadiens, came to me and said: "I'd like to see how you would do in one game without the mask." I was

curious myself so I took it off.

We played Detroit that night and lost, 3-0. When the game was over, Toe said: "Jacques, keep the mask on." It took that kind of experience to prove I was right. You remember, at first I was the only one to wear it, but I felt other players had to try the mask to give weight to my words.

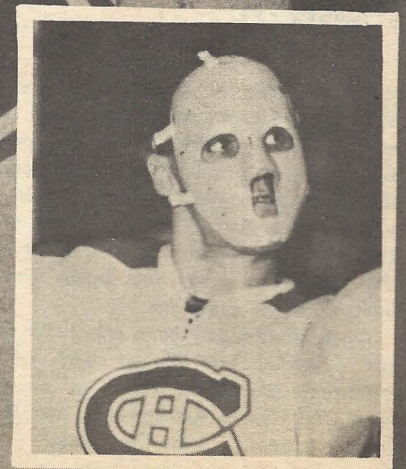
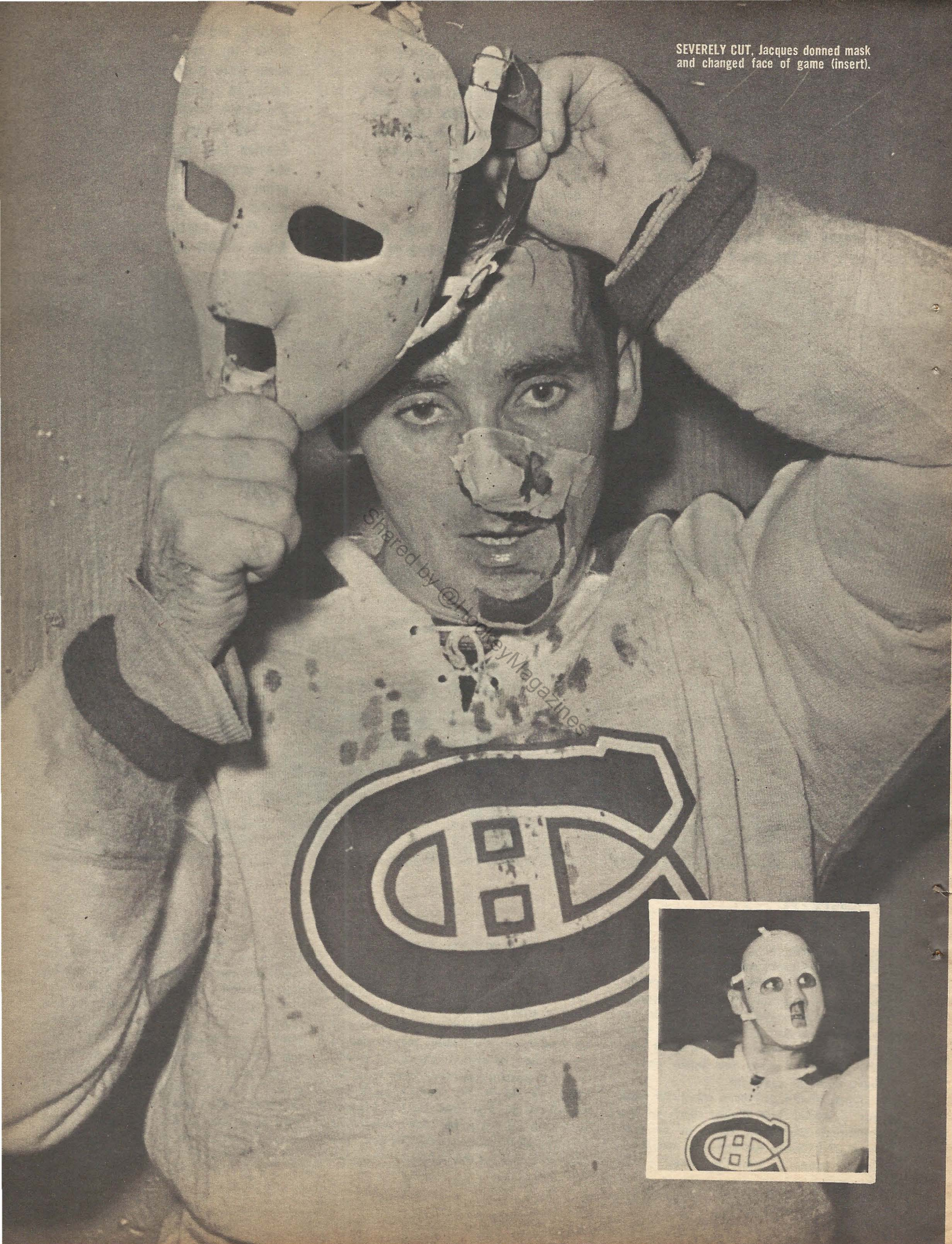
Terry Sawchuk showed I was right beyond any doubt. He wore a mask last season for the first time. He had his best record in six years. But don't think that was the only case. Charlie Hodge, who played so well for the Canadiens early this

season, was afraid he'd lose his job if he put on the mask. I told him: "Charlie, you'll be better." Now he wears it all the time and has a good feeling for it.

The point is, you feel safer with the mask. You can make moves to stop the puck you ordinarily wouldn't make without a mask. Those moves can mean the difference of a goal—and the difference in a win or a loss. Gerry McNeil, whom I replaced as the Canadiens' goalie, told me he'd have been in the NHL a lot longer if masks were worn in the '40's and '50's.

Lefty Wilson, Detroit's trainer who sells

SEVERELY CUT, Jacques donned mask and changed face of game (insert).



PLANTE

masks, used to be a professional goalie. Lefty told me he could have played goal all day if they had masks when he was active. That's the security you get with the mask. With that security I wouldn't have been such a mess on November 1, 1959 a fateful day for me.

I can still see the puck coming at me. Andy Bathgate took the shot. It was a backhander and hit me on the nose. I fell face down on the ice. They put a towel over my face and carried me off the ice. In the Garden hospital, they put stitches

in my face, all the way from my nose to my upper lip. If I had a mask I wouldn't have needed any help.

That's why I say a guy has to be crazy to take a chance without a mask these days. The way shooters like Bobby Hull are firing the puck, they can take your head off with a drive. Shots nowadays are coming in twice as fast as they used to when I broke into the NHL 10 years ago.

Since that's the case the mask has to be the greatest thing to happen to goaltenders, since the invention of leg pads.



EVEN BEFORE mask, Jacques was great goalie.

BOWER

When I saw Terry Sawchuk, after he started wearing the face mask, I was amazed that he played so well. Not because of his ability—I think Terry is one of the greatest goaltenders to put on a set of pads—but it was the way the mask looked to me.

I couldn't understand how he could have the same clear and full vision of a puck that we goaltenders without masks

have. It appeared—and I tested his mask—that you couldn't get a good view of the puck from the sides. It's all right from straight ahead but you get plenty of shots from the side. And what about pucks coming out from behind the net? For them you need peripheral vision just as much as you do straight-ahead vision.

As I studied Sawchuk, I noticed that he had to compensate for the limitations

of the mask. He'd have to turn his head all the way around if the puck was behind him or to the side. Without the mask, you can catch glimpses of the puck out of the corner of your eye without turning and searching. Plain and simple, you can't see as well with the mask. In goaltending, seeing the puck is the most important thing.

Other goalies agree with me. Gump



WITHOUT MASK, Leaf's Johnny Bower risks injury with every hard-rising shot.



PUCK ISN'T the only danger to goalies. Here, Bower drops after colliding with a teammate.

Worsley of the Canadiens says the same thing. You won't see Gump wearing a mask. Nor does Eddie Johnston of Boston and Glenn Hall of Chicago. Glenn won the Vezina Trophy without a mask last year.

That doesn't mean that masks should be outlawed. On the contrary, I think they're very valuable, especially for the youngsters, the kids just breaking into hockey. It's all right for a kid because he has a whole career to master the use of the mask and it sure could be helpful in preventing a serious injury.

As a matter of fact, I wear a mask during our workouts but that's all. There's no sense getting injured in practice if I can help it. But I don't let myself get into the mask habit. After a while I take it off to be sure I'm able to stop the shots without the mask.

I know goaltenders like Sawchuk and Plante swear by the mask. The mask is fine for Jacques, but not for me. I'm 39 years old now—although some writers insist I'm closer to 50. Anyway, I'm too old to change.

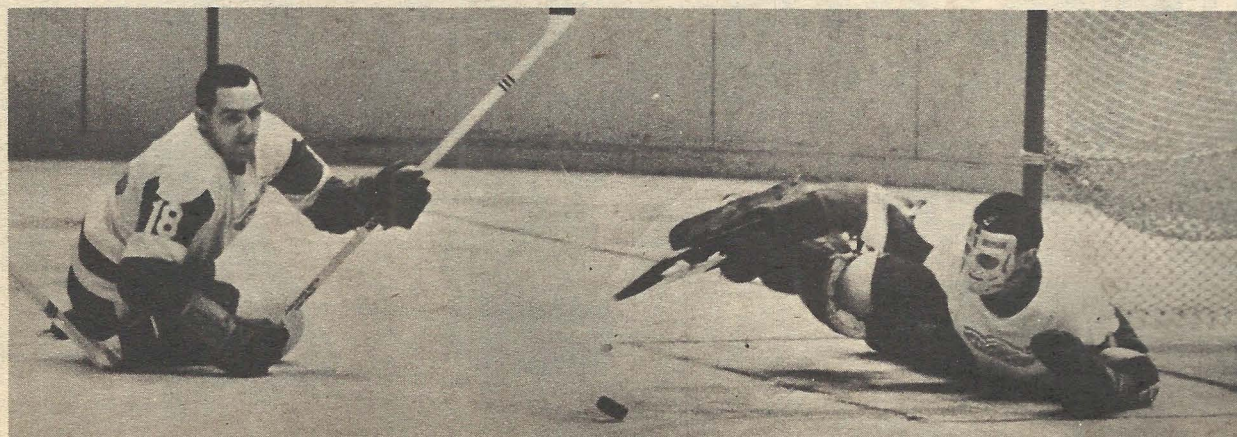
The funny thing is, my Toronto colleague, Don Simmons, wears a mask and



"This is what I call *Hometown Offending!*"

I don't. I wouldn't try to talk him out of it, just as I wouldn't try to tell Plante the mask is no good for him. I'm sure that if the Rangers took the mask away from Jacques, he'd be lost.

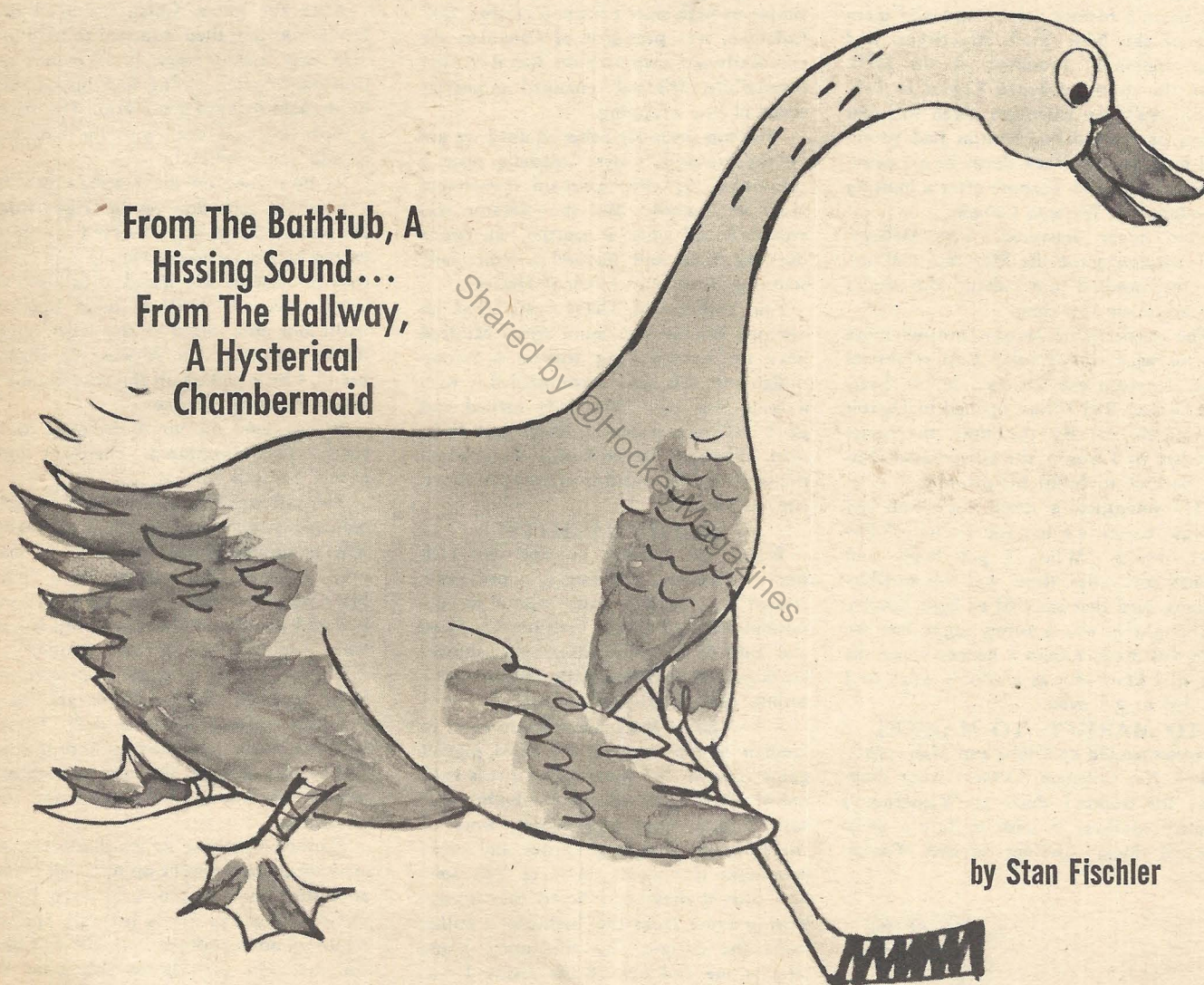
I'm also sure that if I had to wear a mask in a game I'd be lost. It's a great thing for some goaltenders—but not for me.



DESPITE controversy Plante began, many goalies have received new lease on life with it. Here, Wings' Terry Sawchuk wears one.

THE CASE OF THE LOOSE GOOSE

From The Bathtub, A
Hissing Sound...
From The Hallway,
A Hysterical
Chambermaid



by Stan Fischler

TAKE TWO FUN-LOVING SPORTS WRITERS, ADD A
PAIR OF TOP HOCKEY EXECUTIVES AND ONE LARGE
WHITE FOWL NAMED MILDRED AND YOU HAVE . . .

THE MOST fabled fowl in hockey history was "Mildred," a pure white goose with a distinctly red beak, who accomplished in March 1943 what no player, manager or owner could—she scared the living daylight out of the chief executives of the National and American Hockey Leagues in one night.

The leading characters in what since has become known as "The Case Of The Loose Goose" were Mervyn "Red" Dutton, president of the National Hockey League, John Digby Chick, vice president of the American Hockey League and two Toronto sports writers, Vern DeGeer and Jim Coleman. Oh, yes, and Mildred, a young goose owned by a poultry merchant in Toronto.

Dutton, a former defenseman and manager of the New York Americans, had been appointed president of the NHL upon the death of Frank Calder in February, 1943. An extrovert given to great bursts of enthusiasm, Dutton had promised to deliver a dozen ducks to his newspaper admirers in Toronto after a hunting expedition in Western Canada.

"Red never delivered," says DeGeer, now columnist for the Montreal Gazette, "so we needed him about the ducks whenever we saw him."

The needling of Dutton became more intense when the Stanley Cup semi-final series between the Toronto Maple Leafs and Detroit Red Wings opened in Detroit on March 21. By the time the series switched to Toronto, the exasperated Dutton decided to fulfill his promise.

"He smuggled a dead duck into my suitcase before we left for Toronto," DeGeer recalls. "When I got home and opened my valise, there was this terrible-looking bird that smelled to high heaven. It thought it was a funny sight but my wife was madder than a hornet when she saw it. I knew it was Dutton's work so I decided to get even."

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

Accompanied by Globe and Mail sports-writer, Jim Coleman, DeGeer went shopping for another duck at Wasserman's Poultry Market. "I wish to buy a well-plucked duck," DeGeer advised Wasserman.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," Wasserman replied. "I'm fresh out of well-plucked ducks but, as a special favor, I'm going to let you have a goose. This is an exceptional goose, named Mildred, and I do not wish to kill her. Take her home and she'll out-talk your wife."

Aware that Dutton had checked into the Royal York Hotel, the writers decided to sneak Mildred into the president's suite. "We had Wasserman wrap Mildred up in paper," says DeGeer. "When he got finished, she looked more like a bouquet of flowers than a goose."

Having determined that Dutton was absent from his room, Coleman persuaded the assistant manager to give him the NHL president's room key. (This was simple enough since Coleman's father, D.C. Coleman, was president of Canadian Pacific Railways, owner of the Royal York.) Meanwhile, Mildred remained singularly silent in her wrapping.

"She was perfectly behaved until we got in the elevator," says Coleman, now a columnist for the Southam newspaper chain in Canada. "But the elevator was crowded and once it started, she stuck out her beak and nudged a stout lady standing directly in front of DeGeer."

The embarrassed DeGeer stuttered an apology but he was mute when Mildred gave the unsuspecting woman a second nudge and, this time, accompanied it with a long, low hiss. "The lady turned and gave DeGeer a searching look," says Coleman. "Then she smiled faintly. I attributed the smile to the wartime manpower shortage in Toronto."

IN THE BATHTUB

When the elevator reached the 11th floor, DeGeer, perspiring profusely, trotted to Dutton's suite where he deposited Mildred in the bathtub. He filled the tub with water, drew the shower curtains and retreated with Coleman to a hiding place in the room closet.

A few hours later, Dutton returned to freshen himself up for the third playoff game (March 25) that night. "I was half-naked when I walked into the bathroom," says Dutton, now millionaire owner of the Chinook Shopping Center and other businesses in Calgary, Alberta. "As soon as I started shaving, I heard this strange hissing noise from the bathtub. I pulled aside the curtain and this crazy goose flies at me and out of the room. I was dumbfounded at first, then I went after it."

There were two doors to the presidential suite and Mildred chose the one conveniently left open by Coleman and DeGeer. Out flew Mildred, then Dutton, then Coleman and DeGeer. The tableau of a red-haired man, clad only in shorts, chasing a goose down the 11th floor corridor of the Royal York Hotel, with two men alternately sprinting and howling in pursuit, proved too bewildering for a chambermaid who was walking the other way.

"She became hysterical," DeGeer remembers, "and started screaming. Meanwhile, Dutton was yelling 'the goose is loose, the goose is loose.' We were afraid of the noise so we gave the chambermaid a dollar and convinced her to be quiet. Finally, Dutton got tired of chasing Mildred and went back to his room."

Within minutes, DeGeer and Coleman recovered Mildred and, this time, carried her to the room of the late John Digby Chick, a portly gentleman who had left for the Stanley Cup match at Maple Leaf Gardens. Once again, Mildred was placed in the bathtub, provided with water, and — with curtains drawn — appropriate privacy.

NIGHTCAP

After the game, Chick indulged in a few drinks and then returned to his room. "He was feeling very little pain," says Coleman. "After getting into his pajamas, he decided to have a nightcap. He poured a short one and went into the bathroom to add some water."

As he turned on the faucet, Chick felt a pinching sensation on his right thigh. He looked down and observed the upper extremities of a goose leaning out of the shower curtains. He stared at Mildred for several seconds, walked back into the bathroom and stared at the label on his bottle. Assured that it was his regular brand, Chick picked up the telephone and asked for room service.

"Please send the house detective to my room," Chick implored, "there's a goose in my bathtub."

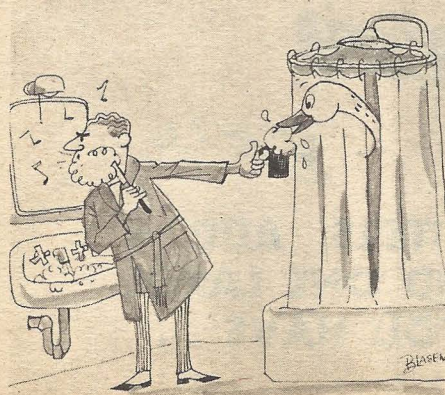
The call was transferred to the assistant manager who was accustomed to dealing with inebriated guests. In a soothing manner, he urged Chick to be calm. "Now, Mr. Chick," he said, "you just climb into bed and you'll find that the goose is gone when you wake up in the morning."


The assistant manager's prescription failed to calm Chick. "Either get rid of the goose, or me," he demanded. "There'd be three house detectives up here if I had a girl in my bathtub. Get that man up here before I go out in the corridor and start screaming."

Flanked by three house detectives, the assistant manager went up to Chick's room and, sure enough, found Mildred phlegmatically floating in the bathtub. She was removed, amid profuse apologies to Chick, and held in custody overnight at the hotel. The following day, Mildred was punished for the traumas she inflicted on the hockey executives.

"The assistant manager and the house detectives had Mildred for dinner—but not as a guest," says Coleman. "Chick and Dutton profanely declined an invitation to the banquet."

But Mildred managed to get even with her oppressors, even if she had to do it posthumously. "The assistant manager told me she was the toughest, worst-tasting goose he ever had," says Coleman. "But you couldn't beat her for laughs."





jean beliveau

by Victor Kahn

BIGGER BY THE SEASON

Neither Records, Nor
Bitter Defeats Influenced
Beliveau's Decision...
Just A Desire To Help

THE CROWD at Olympia Stadium in Detroit had roared into the fifth minute of what was to be a 10-minute standing ovation for their hero, Gordie Howe. The awesome Detroit Red Wing forward had just scored his 544th goal, tying Maurice Richard's all-time NHL record and the fans thought this was quite commendable.

The Red Wings were playing Montreal that night last October 29th, and on one side of the rink a small colony of skaters in white uniforms with a C-H crest on the front sat huddled at the bench. All of a sudden, the biggest player on the "Club de Hockey Canadien," as the Montreal Canadiens are officially known, seemed to whisper something to a man in civilian clothes.

It was Jean Beliveau, captain of the Canadiens, and his coach, Toe Blake. Then, Beliveau, who is 6-3 and weighs 205 pounds, stepped on the ice and skated directly across the milky white surface where the jubilant Red Wings were still congratulating Howe.

The players in their red and white jerseys wheeled around as if an unwanted intruder had disturbed their party. But Beliveau, who has the dignity and aplomb of a prime minister, was above it all. He

JEAN'S slashing style is shown here as he closes in on Chicago's goalie, Glenn Hall.



extended his arm to Howe and shook his opponent's hand firm and hard, like a man who meant it. "Congratulations, Gordie," he said, and humbly skated away.

The next day, a four-column headline ran across the sports page of the "Montreal Star." It said: "Big Jean Gets 'Bigger.'" And Red Fisher, the perceptive Star columnist, observed:

"There are some men in professional sport who regard dignity as a sign of weakness. Doug Harvey always felt there was no room in his temperament for shaking hands with an opponent after a game . . . But those who regard dignity as a frail thing would have learned something from Beliveau's gesture."

AUTOMATIC DECISION

To Big Jean, who speaks in deep, resonant tones, sprinkled with a more than moderate French accent, his decision to congratulate Howe was as automatic as standing at attention for the national anthem.

"It was not something I thought about," he explained later. "I mean, I did not go into the game with the idea that I would do this thing. But when the goal came, I said to myself; 'Jean, you will not see this again.'"

"I made up my mind that it was the right thing to do. So I skated over to the coach and looked at him. I did not say anything, but he knew what I wanted to do. He said: 'I guess you'd better go over and congratulate him.'"

Beliveau, who is 32 years old, didn't realize it at the time but he was one of the two chief protagonists in a curious twist of irony. The other was Howe.

The spotlight was on Howe—at least for that moment—but earlier, and later, in the game and later in the season it switched to Beliveau as serious observers wondered whether Howe is the greatest player of modern times or, perhaps, the honor should go to Beliveau.

The reality and the semi-reality of statistics indicate it is Beliveau. This season, though burdened with a weak Canadian team, Beliveau soared ahead of Howe in the NHL scoring race while carrying a Montreal squad that was consigned to the second division by most hockey writers.

A typical incident took place the night of November 2 at the Montreal Forum when Howe sought to eclipse Richard's record and score his 545th goal. More than 14,000 fans squeezed into the ancient arena . . . and saw nothing but Beliveau. While Howe was completely muzzled, Beliveau scored twice and was the most dominant figure on both teams.

TRUE PICTURE

The goals not only moved Beliveau—who started the season with 310 goals—closer to Nels Stewart's all-time record of 324 goals for a center but also sent NHL statisticians rushing to their slide rules for a true picture of Beliveau's

worth.

Results indicate, without equivocation, that the 10-year veteran is not only better than the retired Maurice Richard and his brother, Henri, now centering for the Canadiens, but also that Big Jean ranks ahead of Howe.

This conclusion is reached by comparing the average points scored per game as well as the average goals per game. Entering this season, Beliveau had 310 goals and 708 points scored in 618 games. That's equal to 1.15 points per game compared with Howe's average of 1.08 points per game.

Maurice Richard's average was .96 points per game while Henri Richard owned a .94 average. Beliveau's worth is underlined by the goals per game average. He leads all active players with a .50 mark. Howe is third at .48. Henri Richard is a mere .36. The only redeeming statistic for the Richard family is Maurice's leadership in goals per game. He had a .55 record, which loses its lustre when one considers that many of his goals were scored against feeble wartime opposition.

After eclipsing Nels Stewart's record, Beliveau's next target will be Ted Lindsay's mark of 365 goals. But Jean, with typical modesty, pooh-poohs any record talk.

"Mainly," he says, "I want to have a good season so that I can be of as much help as possible to the team."

ALL BUT THROUGH A YEAR AGO, CANADIENS' BRILLIANT CAPTAIN CAME BACK BETTER THAN EVER



EVEN THE Richard boys, Henri (left) and Maurice, can't match Jean's point-per-game mark.

Certainly, nobody could quarrel with his past efforts. He already holds all-time NHL records for: most points in one season by a center (91); most goals in one season by a center (47); and most assists in one season by a center (58). His 58 assists also is the standard for all other positions.

Jean's Cup record also runneth over. In

Stanley Cup competition, he is tied with Maurice Richard for most goals (12) in a playoff series, which is, perhaps, the record he most covets. The one he likes least is the season penalty record (143 minutes) for centers.

Curiously, Beliveau almost didn't play this season, and probably wouldn't have

ALWAYS FOUND in the thick of the action, Jean gets into scramble in goalmouth with Boston's goalie, Don Simmons. Latter kicked shot away.





ONE OF Jean's finest performances was against Toronto in 1960 when he scored with a stunning "hat trick" in just one period of action.

played hockey any more in his life if he had permitted his feelings to guide him last April.

The Canadiens had just been eliminated from the semifinal round of the playoffs by Toronto in five games, and Jean was shackled with depressed thoughts. He had scored only 18 goals all season, the least he ever scored in a full NHL season. He was troubled by reports he had heart trouble. He felt he was not performing his duties as captain.

His coach, Toe Blake, was a hard loser and there were times when Blake had seared Beliveau's heart with his acid tongue. Finally, Big Jean went over Blake's head and headed straight to the Canadiens' owner, Senator Hartland Molson.

"I told him I was there not because I was going over anybody's head," Beliveau diplomatically confessed later, "but it was just that I had a better opportunity to speak with him."

Senator Molson was Beliveau's employer in more ways than one. Jean did public relations work for the Molson Brewery, one of the largest in Canada. The Senator, a sensitive man, could have ordered Beliveau to play or fire him from the brewery.

"I asked him whether I should play hockey anymore," Jean said. "He told me: 'Whatever you want to do is your own business. I won't say anything to influence your decision one way or the other? The next day I made up my mind I would play.'"

Beliveau's decision to return was not greeted with undue mourning by the "goalkeeper's union." They felt he had already had his day.

Is Beliveau Better Than The Richard Brothers? And Howe? A STATISTICAL STUDY

(Note: The figures below represent official National Hockey League statistics and are complete through the 1962-63 season.)

	Games Played	Goals	Assists	Total Points	Goals Per Game	Points Per Game
Jean Beliveau	618	310	398	708	.50	1.15
Gordie Howe	1,120	540	672	1,212	.48	1.08
Bernie Geoffrion	711	350	370	720	.49	1.01
Andy Bathgate	663	256	414	670	.39	1.01
Maurice Richard*	978	544	421	965	.55	.96
Henri Richard	518	184	305	489	.36	.94
Bobby Hull	412	182	198	380	.44	.92

* Retired

JEAN circles around after Worsley blocked his shot.





JEAN didn't even have to ask Coach Toe Blake for permission to congratulate Howe. Toe knew his man, and told him to do it.

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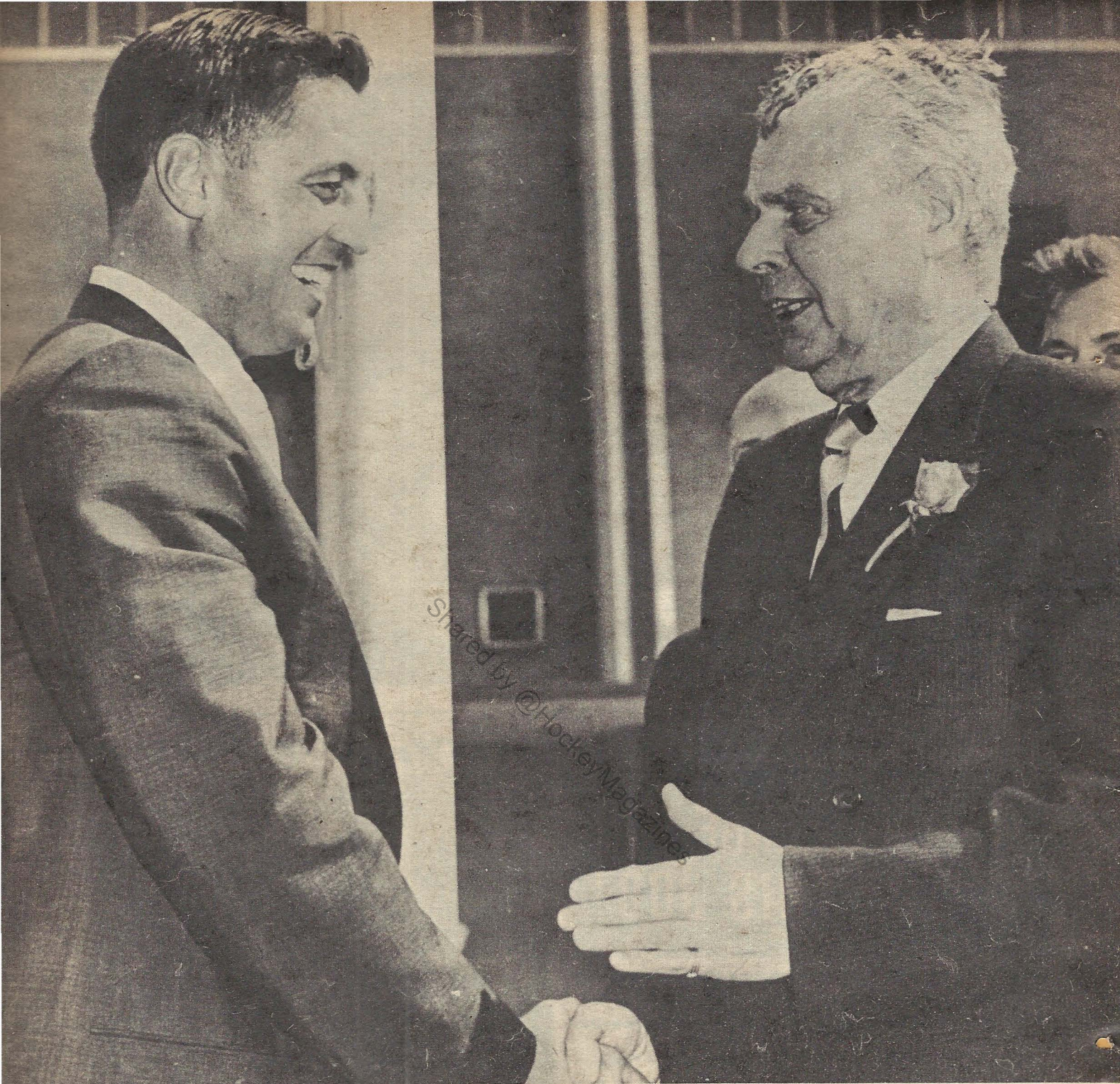
Address

City

Zone

State





A RESPECTED figure throughout Canada, Jean is welcome in any company. Here, he shakes hands with Prime Minister John Diefenbaker.

"I'm not worried about Beliveau," said Rangers' goalie, Jacques Plante. "He has trouble with high blood pressure."

After only a month's play, it was Plante who had the high blood pressure—because of Beliveau. Jean had scored two goals and seven assists for nine points against the Rangers, in only three games. "From now on," said Plante, "I'm going to keep my mouth shut about Jean."

HOCKEY STICK TALK

As for Beliveau, he did his talking with his hockey stick, but limited his verbal discussions to commendations of his teammates. When it came to a retrospective

look at his comeback, he summed it up thusly:

"It was not a question of going out a loser," he explained. "I didn't like the idea of losing so quickly in the playoffs last season. But if I didn't think I could help this season, I wouldn't have played."

That the Canadiens would be in the nether regions of the NHL without him is implicit. They started the season minus veterans Dickie Moore, Lou Fontinato and Tom Johnson and were going with a large block of rookies. The captain of the Canadiens had an obligation to fulfill and he knew it.

"I thought it would not be a very good thing if all the veterans went out at the same time. I felt that I would stay. I hope I did the right thing."

Beliveau may still have his doubts. A few weeks ago, a writer asked him why he's rarely called "Le Gros Bill" Big Bill anymore. At one time it was his most popular nickname.

"I guess," said Beliveau, "I'm not so big anymore."

His reply was repeated to a veteran teammate a few days later. The teammate chuckled appreciatively. "On and off ice," the player said, "Jean is bigger than ever."

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R



Billy Reay: Medicine Man Of The Black Hawks

by Charles Lilly

EVERY MANNER of man has clung to a coaching portfolio in the National Hockey League, and Billy Reay of the Chicago Black Hawks, represents, at the same time, all of them . . . and none of them.

Reay was a virtual unknown when he took over the Hawks last fall but their amazing surge to the top of the National Hockey League suddenly thrust him to the center of the great hockey stage. Like his stars,—Bobby Hull, Stan Mikita, Glenn Hall, Pierre Pilote, Billy has become a much-publicized personality.

Curiously, Reay neither seeks the limelight, nor does he avoid it. He doesn't have to be reminded that professional sport is like show business, and that box office figures are not necessarily subordinate to the final figures on the scoreboard.

in the major leagues. He spent an unhappy year-and-a-half with the Toronto Maple Leafs. In 1957-58, the Leafs finished last. Ray was cut loose midway through the following season when Punch Imlach, the general manager, fired him and assumed the coaching duties.

Good clubs seldom change coaches, but at 45, Reay has inherited the best in the National Hockey League. His predecessor, Rudy Pilous, was fired last summer after the Hawks finished the regular season one point out of first place, and then were eliminated in the first round of the playoffs.

Reay moved up to the Hawks following notable triumphs in their farm system. He steered the Buffalo Bisons to the American Hockey League regular-season and playoff titles last spring. Earlier, when the Hawks operated the Sault Ste. Marie Thunder-

birds in the Eastern Pro League, Reay forced the heavily-favored Ottawa-Hill Canadiens to the seven-game limit in the title round.

Reay played eight seasons with the Montreal Canadiens in the National Hockey League, and coached at Seattle, Victoria, and Rochester before taking the Toronto job.

Reporters have learned that Reay isn't easily met, and doesn't form close friendships in a hurry. He doesn't smoke or drink, save for an occasional glass of wine after a particularly pleasing victory. He is alternately gracious and warm, or cool and distant. Some people call him standoffish.

The welfare of Hockey is of paramount concern to him. He was out of pro hockey for a year-and-a-half after losing the Toronto job, and managed a Canadian

THIS EX-MONTREAL STAR AND TORONTO COACH RUNS A TIGHT SHIP AS SKIPPER OF CHICAGO'S TALENTED SKATERS



OWNER Jim Norris, who has spent a fortune building the Hawks into a top team, poses here with Reay after Billy signed his first contract.

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Former Chicago Black Hawk Coach, Rudy Pilous.

team in the world amateur tournament in Czechoslovakia.

Reay readily admits the pressure there exceeded anything he had encountered earlier. Reay was rewarded handsomely when he played at Montreal and coached at Toronto. He didn't get a dime when he took the amateurs to Europe, but there, national pride, and the welfare of the game, were at stake.

Those who describe Reay as detached and unfriendly, will get an argument from Dr. Archie Manonian, a dentist in St. Catharines, Ont., where the Black Hawks train.

"I've heard that often about Reay,"

says Dr. Manonian. "I've met him several times at junior games here, and he always has been friendly and a good conversationalist. I can't understand how others find him distant."

Hockey players have said they don't understand him, and he has managed to puzzle his employers the same way. Ruby Pastor, the Buffalo owner, says, "I never was able to figure him out. I only know that I became fond of him as a man, and grew to admire him as a hockey executive. Billy has his own way of doing things, and I quickly learned to let him operate on his own."

Reay says Connie Smythe also found him a puzzle. "I don't think Mr. Smythe really figured me out, and I liked it that way," Reay says, with a grin. "As a matter of fact, I worked at keeping him puzzled."

Reay still has the greatest admiration for Connie Smythe and his son, Stafford, new president of the Maple Leafs. But he hasn't forgotten that Imlach fired him, and Reay heartily dislikes Punch. "We never mention that name in our house," says Mrs. Reay, Billy's childhood sweetheart in Winnipeg, Manitoba, where both were raised. "That name is like naughty words."

QUICK TEMPER

Reay's quick temper has often put him in hot water. He was fined \$500 for attacking a referee in the officials' quarters after a game in the Eastern League, and he was tapped for \$100 this year when he refused to put a man in the penalty box after a Chicago player was given a misconduct penalty, as well as a minor.

A year ago, Reay got into a squabble with a former Montreal teammate, Floyd "Busher" Curry.

Reay and Curry exchanged salty insults when Curry accused Reay of ordering his players to intentionally injure a Quebec player.

Reay runs a tight ship, and runs it his

Some Swear By Him, Others At Him, But Reay Does Things His Own Way

own way. Hockey clubs seldom operate without a captain, but the Bisons did last year because Reay wanted it that way. "I was ready to name a captain several times," Reay says, "but the guy I picked said something which made me change my mind. Being the captain is a responsibility, and I had to be sure I had the right guy. We won the championship without a captain, so maybe I was right."

LOYALTY COUNTS

Reay is intensely loyal to his players, and accepts nothing less in return.

Brian Cullen played less than half the season in Buffalo last year because of his wife's serious illness. When Mrs. Cullen first became ill, Reay told Cullen to play only the home games. Later, when she was taken to Mayo Brothers Clinic, Reay told Brian to go with her, and to stay with her.

Cullen was paid his full salary, and also received a full playoff share. Reay has little to say of the matter.

"It was the least we could do for them," he says. "When Mr. Pastor went along with my thinking, there was nothing else to it. I know how I would have felt had it been my wife who was ill."

What Reay doesn't mention is that he didn't ask for a replacement, and was willing to play below strength rather than take Cullen off the pay roll.

Reay mystifies his players, as well as others. "He's really a smart hockey man," says Billy Dea, the Bisons' fine left-winger. "He's always trying to out-think the other coach, and usually succeeds. The more you play for him, the more you like him."

Another, who will remain anonymous since no useful purpose would be served by identifying him, said, "I didn't like him when he joined our club, and I never thought I would. We've won a championship, and even now I'm not sure I like him. But he put money in my pocket, and that's why we're in this thing, anyway."

John McKenzie, an adequate American Leaguer until he came under Reay's direction in Buffalo, became an all-star, tied the AHL's playoff scoring record and is now in Chicago with Reay. "McKenzie is the best wingman I ever handled in the minor leagues," Reay says.

"If I could carry 'Big Daddy' (McKenzie's behind-the-back name for Reay) around in my back pocket, I'd score a hundred goals a season," says McKenzie. "Whenever I get into a slump, he straightens me out in a hurry. It's the little things he tells me. Once, he told me to start shooting low. First time I did it—bang—I scored."

LONER BY DESIGN

If Reay impresses people as a loner in the hockey world, it's because he wants to see things for himself. "Guys in this business will tell you a hundred different things about a player for a hundred different reasons," he explains. "I like to look at a player myself. Then I make up my mind, and I'll stand or fall on that decision. But I like to look for myself."

What is Billy Reay really like? Here are a couple more items which may help you decide.

Listen, first, to Mrs. Reay. "When I go to a game with Billy, in which his own team isn't playing, he is attentive and a good companion before the game, after it, and between periods. But I learned a long time ago there isn't any time for conversation when the game is being played. He concentrates too much to pay attention to me, or anything else."

When Reay was with the Canadiens, Paul Masnick was brought up from the minors as a standby player for the Stanley Cup playoffs. Masnick, to be paid at \$100 per game, was assigned to Reay's taxi crew.

After the Canadiens lost the series opener in Detroit, Reay's crew was returning to the hotel when Masnick said, "I hope this series goes the limit. It means \$100 a game to me."

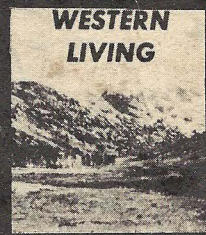
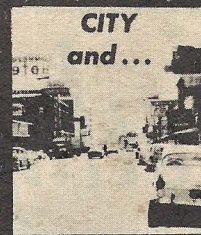
Reay promptly ordered the driver to stop, forced Masnick out into a driving rain and told him to walk the rest of the way.

That's what Billy Reay is really like.

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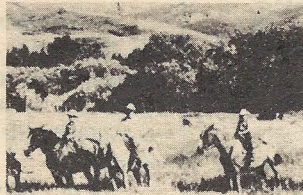
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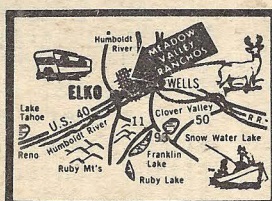
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Spotlight on Spectators

SUZANNE PLESSETTE, Broadway and Hollywood star: "I became a red-hot fan when Lou Fontinato was playing defense for the Rangers. I'm a native New Yorker and, of course, I knew about hockey as a youngster. Occasionally, a date would take me to a Sunday night game but when I became deeply involved in the theater my chances to get to the Garden were reduced. I really missed the games. I liked the speed and the wild coloring of the uniforms on the white ice. It's a magnificent tableau."

ROBERT GOULET, international singing sensation: "Hockey got into my blood before I even started singing. Edmonton, Alberta was my home town. I grew up with Normie Ullman of the Detroit Red Wings and played hockey like most of the kids in town. We had plenty of ice there. You know Edmonton is a pretty cold place in winter. But when I started to sing professionally I drifted away from hockey. I kind of miss the game."

MONTE IRVIN, former New York Giant baseball player and now television commentator: "This may be hard to believe, but I haven't seen a hockey game in all my life. I live in New Jersey now so it's not too difficult for me to get to Madison Square Garden. Actually, I never felt much desire to see one when I was playing ball but now I'm a little more interested in the game. Matter of fact, I'm going to see my first National Hockey League game this year. I'll let you know what I think of it after I see it. Right now I don't know a thing about the sport."

CAROL HEISS, ex-Olympic figure skating champion and now a professional skater and housewife: "One of the biggest, little disappointments of my life was not being able to see hockey games when I was younger. I used to practice four hours every day at Iceland Rink atop Madison Square Garden, the same place where the Rangers trained. I knew a lot of the players and the men in the office. They were so nice, but because of my schedule it was impossible for me to get to a game. Now that I'm living in Akron, Ohio, perhaps my husband Hayes Alan Jenkins, and I will be able to see a game or two in Cleveland. I'd like to."

MARTY GLICKMAN, sports director, CBS Radio, New York: "I grew up in a basketball, football and track atmosphere when I lived in Brooklyn. The only hockey kids

As long-time hockey fans, we know what attracts us to the game...the individual skill and courage, the lightning-fast competition, the highly-developed teamwork. It's an action game which stresses contact and cooperation, dexterity and determination. But that's our opinion.

We've often wondered what others thought, so we up and asked them. Since we suspect that the man in the stands shares our feelings for the sport, we decided to explore other areas and ask people already in the spotlight, in other words celebrities of the sports and entertainment world. Having already proven themselves in one or more fields, we felt their opinions toward the game would be of great interest. We weren't disappointed either. What we found were . . . well, you can read for yourself. We think you'll find their comments noteworthy.

played was on roller skates and that wasn't very much. My interest has changed quite a bit since then. I've done hockey broadcasts on radio and television and get quite a kick out of it. More than that, though, my son, Johnnie, 18, played forward for New Rochelle High School and was a top scorer in the Westchester County High School League. Now he's a freshman at Boston University and I'm hoping he makes it 'big' with hockey."

FLORENCE FRIEDMAN, actress, Hershey, Pa.: "Hockey is the only spectator sport in which I indulge. It's the only one I've found fast enough and exciting enough to match my own personal taste. And it's not a haphazard speed. Each move must be precise and directed, engineered. Add this to the beauty and grace involved in moving on ice and you see hockey is pleasurable to the ice and the mind. The players have such romantic names—Jacques, Aldo, Jean-Guy, to name a few. How can you resist them?"

ART HEYMAN, basketball player, New York Knickerbockers: "I saw the first game of my life last November — the Rangers and the Toronto Maple Leafs. I don't know whether it was smart or not but I sat right up front along the glass. To be very honest, I was a little scared of the whole thing. I thought I'd get hit by the flying puck. The game was wild. I mean dangerous, and fast. I'd like to see another one, but next time I'd sit higher up. I don't want to get hit by that puck."

EXPANSION

seemed in those cynical times, was: Clear the obstacles and expansion can be yours.

How efficiently they were removed can be seen in the following facts: More than 350 member schools of the NCAA now have hockey teams, which produce the very cream of today's crop of professionals at the same rate they once turned out football players. Last year's Vezina Trophy winner, Hart Trophy winner and Lady Byng winner are university graduates holding among them three MA's, two Ph.D's and one degree in pharmacy. One college, Tennessee Mines & Agriculture, has six players in the NHL at the present time.

As for the financial stability of the would-be members of the league, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Quebec, Cleveland, Winnipeg, L.A., San Francisco, Vancouver, Portland and Seattle have been steadily out-drawing at home all of the clubs in the NHL, with the exception of New York and Chicago. In fact, only Montreal, the only club of all not to have built a new arena, shows a deficit. "We're not worried about a little red ink," says McNally. "Just wait 'till next year, when Rene Richard comes up from juniors to join his brothers, Philippe, Jacques and Tonto. We'll be back in the playoffs again."

HOCKEY WIVES

has been a chronic loser. The wives don't know what it's like to win a championship nor taste the champagne from the Stanley Cup. As a substitute, the players and their wives convene at a restaurant and use this as a "reasonable facsimile."

THE CLAN OF WIVES

The post-game celebration is about the only evening entertainment the women get with their husbands. The demands on the men being what they are, free evenings are usually spent at home. To compensate, the wives clan together and do everything from shop together to play cards together, because, as Mrs. Bathgate explained, "We're in the same position; most women have their husbands home all of the time."

The clan becomes most appreciated when the men folk are out of town. They often get together for theater ("I could do nothing else," said Mrs. Howell), sightseeing, and those frequent games of "Michigan Rummy," a Canadian-born card game involving penny bets.

The Harry Howell of tomorrow, son Danny, has had a new activity lately. His daddy has been taking him to the Ranger practices. Mrs. Howell said that he is still a little young but if he decides to be a hockey player "it's all right with me!"

Larry Jr., 20 months old and the only

child of the Cahans, is headed for a college education. His mother said, "after that, he can choose for himself."

Earl Jr., according to Mrs. Ingarfield, "shows every sign of being a baseball player."

The women take hockey seriously and some have been known to be highly critical of hubby's efforts. They watch the Ranger away games on television in cliques of three or four. As might be expected, some wives tend to be "catty" about others and, occasionally, frictions develop among them that annoy their husbands. Especially, when they become hypercritical of other players, or outspoken about the management.

Each woman finds her husband "normal." None is excessively moody or spoiled. "Andy has a few irregular superstitions," says Mrs. Bathgate. "He has to be the first one on and off the ice, and he'll wear the same clothes for luck after a win." Harry has no such superstitions, reports Mrs. Howell. "I guess he's strange," she says.

Although none of the women would term her life "glamorous," they agree that it is exciting. "Moving all the time is difficult," Mrs. Bathgate says, "but when Andy is through with hockey we'll look back and realize that it's been a grand experience."

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MAPLE LEAFS

in the season, the star defenseman announced he would enroll at the University of Toronto as a full-time student. Brewer insists he wasn't trying to beef up his salary, although he was engaged in a labor relations problem with Imlach at the time.

"It didn't help my case one bit when the fact was revealed that my application had been made to the university," Brewer said.

But history has shown that Brewer and Imlach have fussed before, over money and principle. A few years back, Brewer walked right out of the Leaf's training camp and showed up on the McMaster University athletic field, trying out for the college football team.

"We'd had an argument over some money which I thought was due as compensation for summer work, which I lost because of an injury," Brewer said. "When we couldn't agree, I decided I'd go back to school. I wanted to be there to try out for the football team. It was my honest opinion that Punch wouldn't even call me."

\$100 QUIBBLE

It later turned out that they were quibbling over a matter of only \$100. Imlach, like Brewer, isn't one to give in easy. They finally settled their problems and Brewer got out of his football uniform to return to the Leafs.

"I feel I didn't present my case proper-

ly," said Brewer. "It must have been something like that. Punch actually isn't an unreasonable person."

Without admitting it for publication, other Leafs have disagreed. They point to the Leaf's traditionally gruelling exhibition schedule and Imlach's general grouchiness, even minutes after winning the Stanley Cup. In April of last year, at Chicago Stadium, Toronto won its first Cup in 11 years. Naturally, the boys felt in the mood for some surplus merriment. But not Imlach.

"Imlach stood in the middle of the dressing room and threatened to abandon any player who didn't get out of his soggy gear and dress for the dash to the airport," wrote "Toronto Star" sports editor, Milt Dunnell.

"He put the blast on Eddie Shack for hanging around after he was ready for the road. Even a director of the hockey club couldn't convince Imlach the Leafs should stay in Chicago overnight for a victory ball."

Imlach's excuse? "I've got all these guys together now; in the morning I wouldn't be able to find them. Any celebrating they could do here can be done just as well in Toronto."

STALE BREAD

On paper it looks reasonable. But, at the moment of victory, the boys wanted to yell, yell and do more yelling. A day later, the celebration was as welcome as stale bread. Some of the Leafs haven't forgiven Imlach for that.

Others dislike, his on-again-off-again tiffs with members of the Toronto press. Once, when a few scribes picked the Canadiens to beat the Leafs in a playoff series, Imlach refused to talk to the writers. At times, he'll tell his players not to give interviews. It's a little thing. But, then again, with the Leafs and Imlach, it's a matter of a lot of so-called "little things" adding up to a general state of lethargy.

"With us," says one Leaf, "it always seems that we never play as well as we really can until there's some sort of crisis. The way it was last March when we had to catch Chicago."

Through it all, the Leafs' brass insists all will be well.

"Johnny Bower is the best goalkeeper in the league," says King Clancy, the Leafs' propaganda minister. "Red Kelly will be all right. And when Red's all right Big M will be too."

"Meanwhile, reasons vary from player to player.

"What we're up against," said left wing Dick Duff, "is that because we're the champions, every team plays that much harder against us."

"You guys can say what you want, but I just hope you're at the Stanley Cup parade in April."

The writers may be there, but the way the Leafs are withering Duff, Clancy, Imlach and company will not.

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By ALLAN

HOWE

"What really happened," Gordie now explains, "is that when I was a kid playing goal in Saskatoon, I was wearing the wrong pair of big goalie's gloves. Because of this I had to switch hands to the wrong side to shoot the puck well. So I learned to shoot both lefty and righty although I had been a righty. Once I started trying it lefty I figured I might as well continue. I practiced and practiced and that's how I mastered it."

The secret here, as in many cases of Howe's superior technique lies in endless practice. He mastered the two-way shot by practicing it hour after hour, day after day.

"A lot of people call him a natural-born player," says Larry Zeidel, defenseman for the Seattle Totems and a former teammate of Howe. "Maybe he was, maybe he wasn't. It's a matter of opinion. I say this because he worked on his game a lot more than most players. I can recall in the 10 years I knew him, he was usually the first one on the ice for a practice and always the last off the ice. He was always playing with that biscuit like it was his own precious jewel—his one and only love.

"He was either working on his various moves or mostly doing a lot of shooting, working on every shot in the book, just like a pitcher working in the bullpen on his control and a variety of pitches."

Zeidel's baseball analogy is ironic since Howe, at one time, was a splendid semi-pro baseball player who often worked out with the Detroit Tigers and Cleveland Indians. "I was a clumsy runner," Gordie modestly insists. "I used to kick myself as I ran. Honest. I could hit pretty good but the fielding was another story. I remember the first time I was playing third base at Briggs Stadium.

"I'd never played on a real grassy infield like that before. A guy gets up and hits a grounder to me. I dig in, pick up a hunk of grass and throw it to first. The ball? It wound up in left field. Next time I came out to Briggs Stadium I cut my fingernails."

NATIVE POWER

Howe may have had his weaknesses on the diamond but he always had the native power to hit a ball 400 or more feet at will. It was the same strength that enabled him to carry two opponents on his back while scoring a goal in the NHL.

"You have no idea how strong he is unless you really try to mess with him," says Howie Glover. "When I was with Detroit, I used to have a running 'game' with Gordie after every practice. Me and a few other guys would jump him and try to bring him to the ground. I must have tackled him a hundred times over the season but I never brought him down."

The Glover episode, like most untold stories about Howe, involve Gordie
continued on page 80

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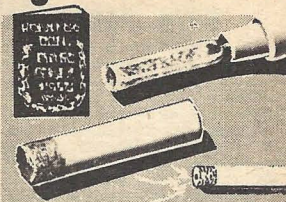
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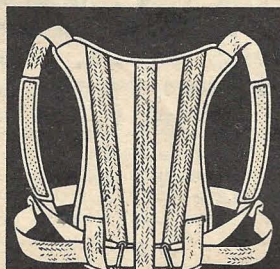
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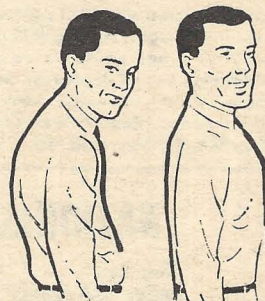
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HARVEY

through the last three years, had to feel he deserved to go out more gracefully. Perhaps no greater testament to his ability can be offered than the fact that he didn't have to resort to rough stuff to get his job done.

He used his head. He is a smart man, but he must regret now not being smart enough to see what the Rangers had in mind. All the testaments to his ability didn't matter when Patrick called Doug into his office and offered him three choices: 1) Going to Baltimore where the Rangers would continue to pay him his NHL salary, 2) being put on the voluntarily retired list—the nice way to go—or 3) getting his unconditional release. Whatever went on in that office is for Patrick and Harvey to know, but Doug didn't think it would ever come to that; at least he never said he did.

There were signs that Harvey was worrying, tell-tale signs, like the time when a young fan yelled at Doug: "When are you going to start collecting Social Security?" As Harvey faced the youth at a distance of 20 feet outside the Garden exit, his face grew red and it seemed to reflect in the flash of a neon sign across the street. It was the straw that broke the player's back. "I've had enough of you people," Harvey said, alluding to the Ranger fans who needled him. "One more word from anyone and I'll punch you in the nose. I've tried to be nice to you, but it doesn't work."

Indeed, he did try to be nice. He used to stand outside the Garden long after his teammates had gone, signing autographs and answering questions. "I was young once," Doug said, "and I know how I used to dream an NHL player would talk to me. The least I can do is be nice."

WARMS THE BENCH

Perhaps the "nice" thing for the Rangers to have done would have been not to sign Harvey for another year. But they did and it was their way of telling the man that they still had confidence in him. But that confidence didn't last long. After splitting their first eight games, the Rangers went into something of a tail spin, losing seven in a row and setting the balcony hounds on their necks.

First, Sullivan sent Al Langlois to Baltimore and in his place came a dashing young warrior, Don Johns, who had played the scene before and was determined that this time he would stay. Johns looked vibrant, alive, energetic and exciting and Harvey sat.

Doug Harvey's last trick in the NHL came on a power play against Toronto. It was his first—and last appearance on the ice that night—and he slid a pass across the ice from the left point to the right. It went loose, slid out to the neutral zone. The people booed; Harvey came off; the Rangers tied 3-3, and 20 hours later, the Associated Press wire carried a short bulletin.

"The New York Rangers announced today that they have given veteran defenseman Doug Harvey his unconditional release."

Depending on what side of the rink you sit on, you would either greet such news with an attitude of "it's about time," or "why?" The "about-timers" thought the man was over the hill. Number this reporter in the other column. If he were only used in spots, those spots were needed. The Rangers have had trouble on defense since they started painting red lines on the ice and you don't trade "Boardwalk" and "Park Place" even up for "Marvin Gardens" in any league, whether it's "Monopoly" or the NHL.

There were very few Doug Harvey fans left in New York by the time he was sent out to graze, and some felt this had something to do with the decision to let him go. Singularly, this is doubtful because the management has withstood verbal onslaughts on the very talented Harry Howell; but combined with their own feelings that Doug was "no longer useful" it is likely that the paying customers' antipathy was a contributing cause.

It is a cold business, this stuff of professional sports, where your usefulness is synonymous with the strength left in your legs and your willingness to play puppet for a coach. So, Harvey, no matter what he may have done for the Rangers in his three years or no matter what he may have done as the finest defenseman in the history of the NHL, had to go.

There can be no "case" drawn against the Rangers on these grounds. But, if a

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man were trying to find reasons why the Rangers shouldn't have parted with Harvey, even though his 39th birthday was less than a month away, he could.

Harvey was slower than he used to be and fatter, too. But he was also smarter. He used to be the best rushing defenseman in the league, but he couldn't rush very fast anymore. He could pass precisely; he knew better than any other defenseman in the league what to do with a man in the corner and he executed it as well as any one of them—even at this advanced age. He could shoot accurately, and he was a valuable, steadying influence on the power play, one of the Rangers' sore spots for a few years. He was, in fact, a steadying influence to the entire defense.

"I'LL QUIT MYSELF"

"When I don't have it anymore, I'll tell them," he used to say. "No one is going to have to tell me I'm no good anymore. I'll know and I'll quit. I know when to go out."

When Harvey left the Rangers quickly called up 22-year-old Mike McMahon from St. Paul. When McMahon skated on the ice for the game against Detroit that Wednesday, he was wearing Number Two. Harvey's Number Two. McMahon was in the third grade when Harvey was gaining fame in Montreal in 1948. McMahon was thirteen when Harvey was at the peak of his all-star years. McMahon would watch on Saturday night when the CBC would televise Montreal games and he would stare at a great hockey player. It must have been strange to put on that Number Two and realize he was wearing Doug Harvey's uniform.

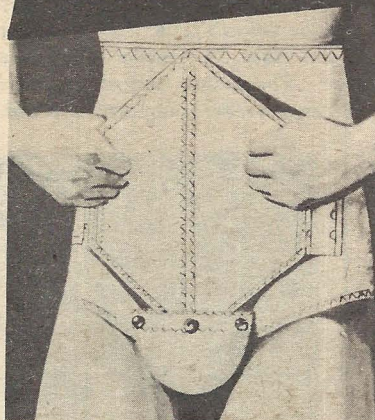
But such is the way of professional sport, where boys' games are played for men's prices and where all is fair in the race to the bank. Maybe Doug Harvey was over the hill and maybe, looking at things objectively from the Rangers' viewpoint, he could no longer serve a "useful purpose" with the team. Maybe so, or maybe no, but anyone who knew Harvey well had to know he would have told Patrick and Sullivan when he no longer thought he had what it takes. And anyone who knew Harvey well, knew he still thought he could play.

He had too much pride to be "sent down" to Baltimore, so he took the unconditional release and went looking for a job. He wound up in Quebec, a Montreal farm team. Harvey doesn't care, but he would like to play just once more in Madison Square Garden and he would like just one more chance to show the balconyites, the Ranger management and his other detractors what he still can do. Unfortunately, he probably won't ever get the chance.

That's Doug Harvey's case against the Rangers.

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HOWE

directly. But there's one Howe story that's been kept so secret Gordie himself knows nothing about it. It concerns Howe and a national sports magazine of great repute.

The scene took place in the editor's office. A bundle of white papers sat on the editor's desk with a title page on top. It read: "Is Gordie Howe Washed Up?"

The editor studied the manuscript for two weeks. It tempted him but, finally, he

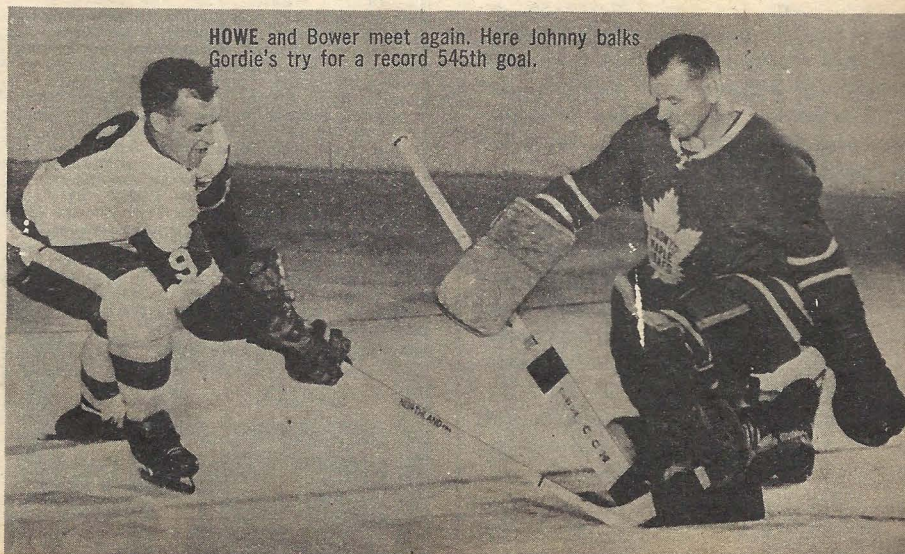
scribbled a note next to the title and returned it to the author. "Good idea," he wrote, "but let's wait a year before writing off Howe as washed up and play it safe."

That was five years ago. The editor, five National Hockey League goaltenders and 80 opponents still are waiting and wondering when Gordie Howe will cease being the best hockey player skating in the NHL.

That's the secret of Gordie Howe that hasn't been solved.



TORONTO'S Johnny Bower sets himself in nets as Gordie Howe moves in for a shot.



HOWE and Bower meet again. Here Johnny balks Gordie's try for a record 545th goal.

STANLEY CUP

what should have been an anticlimax. But the Rangers, using the Toronto rink as home ice because Madison Square Garden had been usurped by a circus (it could only happen in Stanley Cup play), took the Wings to overtime of the seventh game before Pete Babando lowered the boom.

Detroit won the Cup in 1952, '54 and '55. The Wings' best performance by far was in the '52 series, when they beat the Leafs four straight, then took four from the Canadiens. With Terry Sawchuk in the nets, Red Kelly, Leo Reise, Bob Goldham and Marcel Pronovost on defense, and Howe and Lindsay scoring almost at will, the Wings that year were truly a great team.

In 1956, the tide swung to the Canadiens. Sparked by Richard, Beliveau and Geoffrion, and with Jacques Plante as goalie, the Montreal sextet knocked over the Wings in five games in the '56 series final and started on their record-setting string of five consecutive Stanley Cup championships. The Canadiens reached their zenith in 1960, as they topped the Chicago Black Hawks in four straight, then took Toronto's measure in four.

Since then, however, it's been all downhill for the proud Canucks. The Hawks

beat them in the '61 semifinal round and went on to take the silver mug.

Toronto won the Cup in 1962—its first Stanley success since 1951—when Bill Barilko's spectacular goal gave the Leafs the win over Montreal. A few months later, Barilko's plane crashed on a hunting trip in northern Ontario and he was killed. The Leafs repeated in '63 amid speculation that perhaps they were about to take off on a victory string of their own.

But the thinking is that Chicago will dominate the Stanley Cup competition in the years to come. Perhaps the same thought entered young Ken Kilander's head back in April 1962, when he was nabbed by cops walking out of Chicago Stadium with hockey's most prized possession because he "wanted to take it back where it belongs"—to Montreal.

At any rate, if the Hawks are the team with a Stanley Cup future, they can thank Jim Norris. He has laid out a million or so dollars in building Chicago from a cellar-dwelling outfit to one of championship caliber.

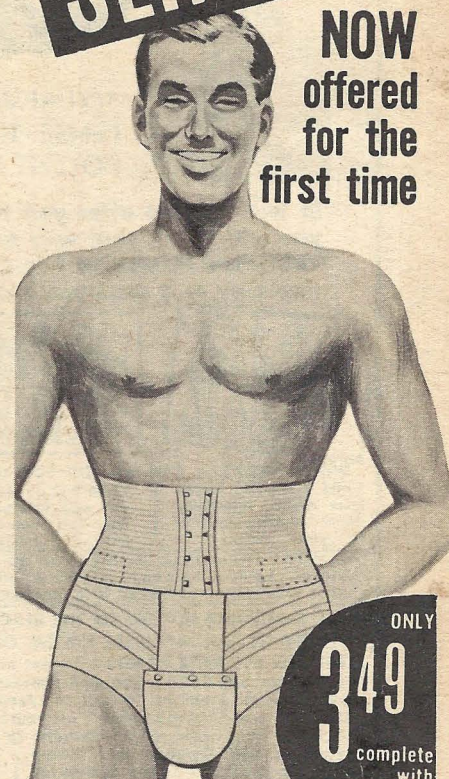
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A BIG MAN even in defeat, Gordie congratulates Bobby Hull after Hawks won '61 Stanley Cup.

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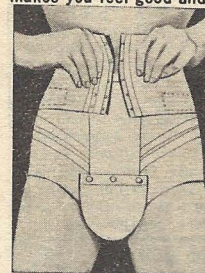
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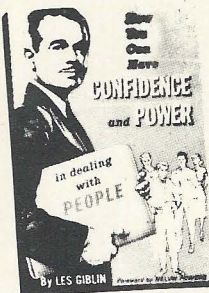
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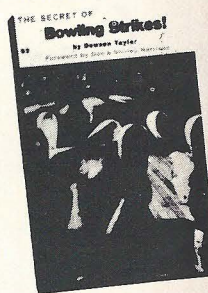
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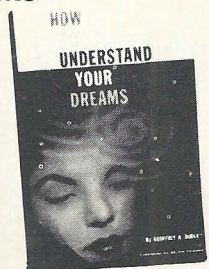
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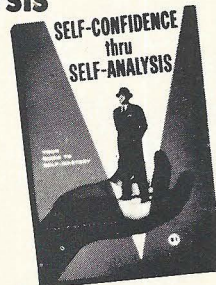
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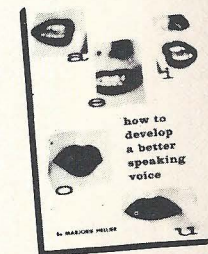
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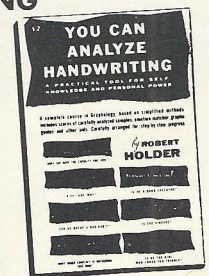
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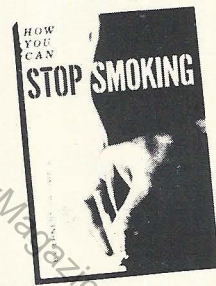
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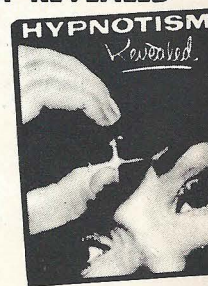
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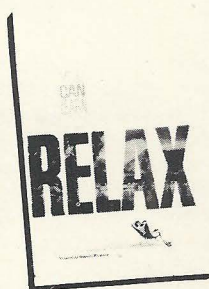
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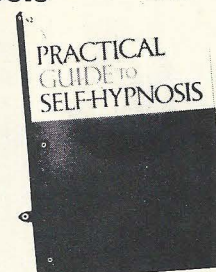
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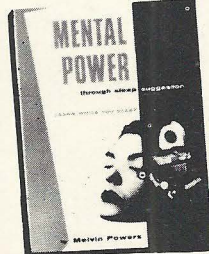
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